

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The campaign of the two parties continued to exhibit wide differences. While Governor Smith was speaking through the West, hardly a single expression emanated from Mr. Political Campaigns Hoover. All attacks made on the latter by Democrats were answered by subordinates. Governor Smith spoke at Oklahoma City on September 20, in a grim speech dealing once for all with the attacks on his personal character and religion. The effect of this, on the whole, was considered good. At Denver, on September 22, he spoke on the water-power question and came out flatly in favor of government ownership and control of waterpower sites and power houses. This speech was an attempt to embarrass Senator Johnson in his support of Hoover in California, Johnson's position being indistinguishable from Smith's. At Helena, Mont., on September 24, he spoke on party responsibility, recounting the oil scandals in the Republican party and insisting on the responsibility of the party for the misdeeds of its officials. His next speech was at Minneapolis, on September 27, but before that he had made many stops in Montana, South

Dakota and Minnesota. He was due back in Rochester, N. Y., on October 1, for the Democratic State Convention. The Republican campaign was almost entirely monopolized in the public eye by the speeches of Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General, to various bodies of Methodist and Presbyterian clergymen, calling upon them to defeat Smith. A storm of disapproval came from eastern Republicans, who claimed she was making votes for Smith. The Republican National Committee alternately repudiated and acknowledged her. President Coolidge did a little quiet campaigning in Vermont, though he made no public statement on the issues, on which, so far, he had had nothing to say. Meanwhile, the candidates for Vice-President had been touring the country: Robinson in the South, speaking mostly on the religious issue, and Curtis in the West, speaking mostly on the tariff. A national poll of "Who's Who" revealed 8,510 votes for Hoover and 1,264 votes for Smith. The first instalment of the *Literary Digest* poll, for five States, gave Hoover 21,756 votes and Smith 10,222, the second, 198,292 and 92,855 respectively.

The situation that had arisen because of the French and English notes to this country, outlining their tentative agreement on naval disarmament, continued to en-

gross the attention of the President. Disarmament Conference His answer was sent on September 27, and was said, before publication, to be a reiteration of the American position at Geneva last year, namely, a demand for a fixed figure of global tonnage and freedom to fill this out with large or small cruisers at will. In a press conference, President Coolidge stressed the desire of the United States that negotiations be carried on publicly and particularly reprehended attempts by foreign countries to try their case in American newspapers.

Austria.—The three-hundredth anniversary of the consecration of Salzburg's historic cathedral was celebrated on September 24, with picturesque and solemn ceremonies. The presence of Msgr. Salzburg Tercentenary Seipel, the Austrian Chancellor, and a number of other notables of Church and State, gave added dignity to the occasion. The principal ceremonies of the celebration were held in the music festival hall, where Chancellor Seipel, as the main speaker, referred to the cathedral as the "pride of Austrian Catholics." It will be remembered that Max Reinhardt used the cathedral for one of the scenes of his morality play "Everyman." As part of the tercen-

tenary an open-air production of this play was staged with the cathedral as a background.

Bolivia.—Announcement was made that at the request of Msgr. Seiffert, Bishop of La Paz, the Rt. Rev. A. F. Schinner was assuming charge of the local diocesan seminary. Bishop Schinner was formerly the Ordinary of Superior, Wis., U. S. A., having been consecrated Bishop in July, 1905. Subsequently he became the first Bishop of Spokane, Wash., an honor which he resigned in December, 1925. Since then he has acted as chaplain of St. Joseph's Hospital, Mankato, Minn.

Brazil.—A student riot on the Italian newspaper *Il Piccolo* of Sao Paulo, threatened for a time international complications. According to reports the trouble

Student Raid — started when *Il Piccolo* answered editorially an article in the daily *Combate*, in which a Brazilian woman writer had severely criticized what she considered the excessive attention given the fatal accident of the Italian aviator, Del Prete. About fifty students attacked the newspaper offices, several shots were exchanged, and some slight injuries were reported. Subsequently, as a precautionary measure, heavy police guards were placed by the Government at the Italian Consulate and the homes of prominent Italians. The students demanded the expulsion of *Il Piccolo*'s editor. The Italian Embassy attributed the raid to anti-Fascists. Following a conference between the Italian Ambassador, Attalico, and Foreign Minister Mangaberia, it was announced that the raiders would be prosecuted.

Czechoslovakia.—On August 4, at the first regional festival of the Slovak *Orel*, i. e., the Slovak Catholic gymnasts, at Bratislava, Msgr. Hlinka, the Catholic Slovak leader, and other prominent speakers not only stressed the firm allegiance due to the common Republic of the Slovaks, but also pointed out the necessity of Catholic cooperation. Thus Cabinet Minister Dr. Tiso, said:

Republic of Czechoslovakia, Slovak nation, Slovak country, Slovak Orelship, I render you my homage. To be a Catholic means to be a supporter of our State. In the course of the past ten years the Slovak people has outgrown its childhood and claims its majority. It wants to have its share in the government and administration of the Republic and to do that share in a Catholic manner. The Slovak nation in the Slovak country will always defend her Czechoslovak Republic which alone safeguards her development.

And Msgr. Hlinka, on the following day, at a celebration at Prerov, in Moravia, of the tenth year of the existence of the Republic, expressed the following pledge:

Great work on behalf of reunion for work in the religious field of the Catholics in the Czechoslovak Republic, especially of the Slovaks with the Catholic Czechs, is ahead of us. . . . we must march united and I declare that united we shall march.

The numerous post-War defections among the Czechs from the Church and the dearth of vocations to the

priesthood in the Archdiocese of Prague as well as in the other three dioceses of Bohemia, make this offer of cooperation particularly welcome.

The third Congress of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches was held, under the patronage of President Masaryk, in

World Alliance Prague, August 24-30. Some 400 delegates from thirty-one States attended the meetings. The Protestant Archbishop of Upsala and other dignitaries of various Christian denominations followed the discussions. Owing to the dogmatic presuppositions of these Congresses, which in this instance became most visible in the interdenominational religious service held at the end of the Congress, no official representative of the Catholic Church took part, though one or two "friendly observers" were present. The Congress gave a remarkable manifestation of the international will for peace, although, unhappily, as its manifesto showed, on a rather unsound basis.

France.—The publication in Germany and in the Hearst papers in the United States on September 21, of what purported to be the authentic text of a confidential

Foreign Office Letter on Naval Accord letter from the French Foreign Office to the French Ambassadors in Washington, Rome, and Tokio, relative to the naval agreement between France and Great Britain, was a topic of general discussion in the capitals of Europe. Officials at the Quai d'Orsay did not admit or deny the authenticity of the letter, as even the fact of the agreement which it apparently explained had never been officially announced to the general public. In substance the letter said that France had seen fit to accept the British position of limitation on larger cruisers, and on submarines of more than 600 tons displacement, while she was willing to favor Great Britain's desire for freedom in the building of smaller cruisers in exchange for similar freedom for herself with regard to small submarines. A report of an agreement to this effect had been rumored early in August, as was also the report that Britain had made the further concession to France of approving her plans to maintain a large reservist class in land forces. The text of the French note to Washington, on August 1, as well as the reported reply of the State Department on September 26, had not been released to the press.

Germany.—The continuation of the Manich agricultural concession in Northern Caucasus, the largest agricultural concession in Russia, was assured by the new

Foreign Relations agreement entered into by the German firm of Krupp and the Soviet Government. By this agreement the original treaty is reversed, giving the Russians the charge of finances and the risk of losses and making an equal division of the profits. Two other German concerns, the United Steel and the German General Electric entered negotiations to award Jugoslavia credits on railway materials to the amount of \$25,000,000. The terms offered call for seven per cent nominal interest, with three per cent added for amortization and bank charges. The

credits extend over a period of ten years. The contracts will not be signed, however, until the political situation in Jugoslavia is settled.

The growing dissatisfaction of the Nationalists broke loose when the "Steel Helmets," a military organization, held a monster demonstration in the largest assembly hall of Berlin to inaugurate a campaign against the present form of Government and to restore the Monarchy in one form or another. Prince August Wilhelm, third son of the former Kaiser, was present at the gathering. Count Westarp gave as reasons for the demand, the breakdown of the Locarno policy, Foreign Minister Briand's "scorn and derision toward defenseless Germany," and the impossibility of accepting the French conditions for evacuation of the Rhineland. The monarchists were careful to insist that their purpose was to be secured "by legal instrumentalities." Such means would not disturb the Ministry of the Interior which would find in them the impossibility of restoring any form of empire.

Great Britain.—On September 27, a speech by Premier Baldwin at the Conservative Party Conference in Yarmouth, marked the opening of the general election campaign. It was mostly concerned with domestic issues. The Premier and his Government are appealing to the voters for another five-year mandate. The chief issues will be tariff questions, mainly the extension of protective measures by means of "safeguarding" of industries by special import duties. Forecasts would seem to indicate a real joining of issues between Labor and the Liberals when the latter party convenes during the coming month. Among other points being advocated by the Laborites is the demand for control of the Bank of England by a public corporation comprising representatives of the Treasury, Board of Trade, industrial interests and Labor. The Executive Committee of the party reported that it had approved 487 candidates for the general election and hoped to exceed the record total of 1927 when 514 were nominated. It was assumed that the Conservatives Liberals would each run 500. A by-election at Cheltenham on September 26, resulted in a victory for the Government, when a Conservative candidate won out against a united Liberal and Socialist opposition.

On September 27, Sir John Simon and his colleagues, constituting the Indian Statutory Commission, left London for a second visit to India, in order to complete their inquiry into the political situation there, and especially into India's movement for autonomy. It will be recalled that the visit of the Commission last winter was marked by serious riots in various localities, and even some loss of life, and that for the most part little cooperation was given to the efforts of the Commission. Though the local Council of State passed a resolution favoring co-operation, the Legislative Assembly, which is the popular branch of Parliament, had rejected it in any form. Recently, however, though the Swarajist or "Home Rule" party continued to boycott the Commission, general hos-

tility had somewhat subsided, and seven out of the nine Provincial Parliaments indicated that they were ready to further its work.

Greece.—Starting his first diplomatic tour since his return to political life, Premier Venizelos left Athens on September 20, for Rome and Paris. In the Italian capital

Premier's Diplomatic Mission he was the guest of Premier Mussolini.

The high spot in his visit was the signing of the Greco-Italian treaty of friendship, providing for conciliatory settlement of any points of conflict which may hereafter arise between his Government and Italy. While in Rome the Premier was visited by the Turkish Ambassador who invited him to Angora. The request, however, was declined because, as the Premier stated, his health forbade the trip, and he felt besides that there were so many Greco-Turkish problems, especially economic ones, to be discussed by experts before any treaty between the two Powers could be arranged, that an interview with the Turkish authorities at this time would hardly be profitable. Subsequently M. Venizelos went to Paris. There he had a visit with the French Foreign Minister, M. Briand, though it was chiefly of a social nature. For diplomatic purposes his conference with M. Marinkovich, Jugoslav Foreign Minister, who had come to Paris for that purpose, was more significant. Terms were discussed under which Greece might give her northern neighbor access to the port of Saloniki, its only sea outlet aside from the Adriatic ports facing Italy. It was anticipated that the negotiations would be productive of good results since Premier Venizelos is known to be well disposed toward the Serbs and M. Marinkovich equally friendly to Greece.

Guatemala.—By virtue of a decree issued by President Chacon on September 26, suspension of all Constitutional rights for five months was announced. This is equivalently a declaration of martial law.

Martial Law The Government party justified the President's move on the score of alleged seditious activities on the part of the Opposition and its newspapers, and as a necessary precaution against anti-Government propaganda.

Italy.—The plan of Premier Mussolini to give constitutional status to the Fascist Grand Council, hitherto a party organization, was revealed more fully in the publication

New Status for Fascist Grand Council of the bill which is to be presented in the coming session of Parliament.

The Council, consisting of the members of the Cabinet, the under-secretaries of the several departments, and the presidents of the two chambers of Parliament, as well as such other special consultors as the Premier may appoint, is to be made the chief advisory body of all the other departments of the Government. In addition to retaining its party functions of nominating the regular Fascist candidates for the Chamber of Deputies, and advising the Parliament on Fascist policies, it will be authorized to draw up a list of suitable persons for the

office of Premier and for other important Government posts. It is further proposed to require that the Government consult the Grand Council on all constitutional questions and other important legislative and executive decisions. The new measure is intended to stabilize and perpetuate the Fascist Government with all its traditions and policies.

Japan.—National rejoicing attended the marriage on September 24, of Prince Chichibu, heir presumptive, to Setsuko Matsudaira, nineteen-year-old daughter of the former Japanese Ambassador to Washington, Tsueno Matsudaira. Though elaborate preparations had preceded the event both in the royal family and in diplomatic circles, the function was dimmed by the prospect of the more splendid coronation ceremonies of the young Emperor soon to take place. Among the wedding presents were gifts from both President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg, delivered through the American Chargé d'Affairs in Tokio.

Mexico.—On September 25, at a joint session of Congress, Emilio Portes Gil was unanimously elected Provisional President, to serve from November 30, 1928

Provisional President Elected to February 5, 1930. An extraordinary election for constitutional President was decreed for the end of November, 1929, the Executive then elected to serve the balance of the six-year term ending November 30, 1934. There was no other candidate on the ballots distributed to the Senators and Congressmen, and all present voted in favor of Portes Gil. The President-elect, a young man, comes from the radical Labor wing of the supporters of Calles and was understood to be his personal choice. Thus the new President will have the support of the army, without which he could not remain in power. The attitude of Mr. Morrow throughout this campaign was obscure, since it was thought that he had rather supported General Perez Treviño. Portes Gil's former associations did not leave much hope for a religious settlement, nor did his first declaration, with its reference to "obeying the law," which was the constant formula of Calles. It was thus possible to sum up the net results of the murder of Obregon: his party was completely disrupted, the army was entirely faithful to Calles and the politicians likewise, during the term of the provisional president Calles' influence will be paramount, and the Laborites and Agrarians still remain on opposite sides.

Nicaragua.—Registration for the November election opened on September 23, and early reports issued at the office of the American Electoral Mission indicated that the total registration would be heavy.

The Campaign While no disorders were reported, nevertheless, to guard against trouble ten airplanes carrying American election officials as observers covered practically the entire State from daylight to dark. It was announced that the National Election Board had

decided to mark every voter on the hand with chemicals as he cast his ballot in order to lessen chances of voters repeating. It was stated that the chemicals would be harmless, and that the stain would disappear in a few days.

League of Nations.—Interest in the closing sessions of the Assembly of the League was focussed on the meetings of the sub-committee on disarmament. No satisfactory compromise could be effected

Disarmament Conference between the position of Germany, represented by Count Bernstorff, who favored the definite setting of an early date for a general disarmament conference, and the attitude of France and England, who were plainly embarrassed by the fact that the United States had not signified its approval or disapproval of the preliminary understanding between these two Powers, which had been communicated to Washington early in August. In the resolution finally adopted, the Assembly "earnestly hoped" that the nations not yet in agreement upon the terms and conditions of disarmament would endeavor to effect a settlement of their differences without delay, and instructed M. Loudon to keep in touch with these Governments so as to convene the hoped-for congress as soon as possible. Germany and Hungary refrained from voting on the resolution.

In the last session of the Council of the League, on September 26, Nicholas Politis, the Greek delegate, proposed the adoption of a new pact or "general act," accom-

General Act to Supplement Anti-War Treaty panied by three model treaties, to furnish the legal machinery necessary to the practical enforcement of the Kellogg multilateral anti-war treaty. The model treaties, in the form of bilateral agreements, deal with conciliation, arbitration, and judicial settlement of differences. M. Politis' proposals were accepted by the Council, which authorized the General Secretary to communicate the act and the treaties to all League members, as well as to the United States, Russia, Afghanistan, Egypt, Brazil, Costa Rica, Ecuador, and Mexico. The note of transmission will invite the several countries to adhere to the act and the treaties, which have already been signed by the President and the Secretary of the League.

The Liturgy of the Church is a perennial source of interest. In this country, though the movement to promote a knowledge and love of it is yet new, there is a widespread desire to know more about it. "Liturgy Week in Louvain," by Gerald Ellard, will show what is being done in other lands along this line.

In his third "Confidential Letter," Pierre Soulé Martin will discourse sapiently on the force of public opinion and reveal some secrets on its making.

"What Price Applause?" will be a sketch by Irving McDonald inspired by a visit to vaudeville.

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WILFRED PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY
JOHN LAFLAGE

FRANCIS X. TALBOT
CHARLES I. DOYLE

Associate Editors

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

WILLIAM J. LONERGAN
JAMES A. GREELEY

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The Failure of Persecution

IT would be futile to deny that hatred of Catholics and of the Catholic Church is assuming alarming proportions in certain parts of the United States. One reason for the increase within the last few months is so plain that it need not be mentioned. But religious bigotry, especially as directed against the Catholic Church, must be traced back to a variety of sources.

Of these sources, some can be removed. As enlightenment grows, they disappear like a snowbank under the noonday sun. Others can be weakened. Some, in all probability, will always be with us. They began on Calvary, and the crack of doom will find groups of bigots actively engaged in the work of stirring up discord.

Yet when this unpleasant phenomenon is considered dispassionately, Catholics need not fear. In all ages the Church has had her Neros and her Henrys. Her children are familiar with the rack, the sword, the scaffold and the faggot. In modern days, they are subjected to that insidious form of persecution which proposes to exclude them from full participation in their rights as citizens and as heads of families.

New in form, this persecution springs from an old source. The zealots accused Our Lord of disloyalty to Caesar, and their followers in every age and country from Galilee down to twentieth-century America have repeated the indictment. By reason of the divided allegiance inherent in their religion, it is said, Catholics must be excluded from public office, and Catholic parents must not be permitted to send their children to schools of their own choosing. Literature, science, philosophy, the schools, the colleges, the universities, must be so marshaled as to create a culture from which Catholics are excluded, and all the currents of public life must be so diverted that Catholics will be left outside the chosen circle, an alien people, a foreign infiltration.

The new program of persecution is clever, even diabolically astute. But it is foredoomed to failure if its

aim is to check the vigorous growth of Catholicism in this country. Admittedly, it is more dangerous than persecution by blood and fire, but as Nero failed, so too will the modern spirit which works through culture and legislatures.

"Stand fast in the Faith," was the message of the Apostles to those who first gave all for Christ. To be steadfast in the practice of our holy religion is the strongest defense against persecution. In our Faith is our victory. The nations of the earth may rise up against us but we are certain that they can never conquer us. We know in whom we have trusted and He will deliver us in the evil day.

The Associated Press and Portes Gil

ON September 25, the Mexican Congress "elected" one Portes Gil to the post of Provisional President, to succeed Calles when the latter's term ends in December. He was the only candidate; there was only one name on the ballot. It is unhealthy in Mexico at present to be a second candidate.

On September 20, the Associated Press distributed to its members a long eulogy of the same Portes Gil. It was in no sense a news story; it had not yet been decided to take Gil as Provisional President. Indeed, the A. P. correspondent merely said in his lead that he was among those "suggested." The whole article is a fulsome catalogue of praise, in terms exquisitely chosen to make said Gil palatable to the American public. He loves baseball, we are told; he is a Prohibitionist, he has fostered education, he will go half-way to meet Mr. Morrow in that gentleman's desires and policies; in fine, the story was as patent a piece of unblushing propaganda as has ever disgraced a foreign correspondent, and that is saying a great deal.

In an effort to learn something of the A. P.'s hero, it occurred to us to consult the latest work of Ernest Gruening, the well-known propagandist for Calles. In this book, "Mexico and Its Heritage," just published, we read on page 472:

His [Lopez de Lara's] successor, Emilio Portes Gil, is above the average. [The average is very low, according to Dr. Gruening.] He has done something for education, and the application of the agrarian program in his State has been orderly and constructive. Nevertheless, his administration *leaves not a little to be desired in financial scrupulousness.* (Italics inserted.)

The meaning of this euphemism will not escape any reader. Thus the man in whose electoral campaign the Associated Press took so distinguished a part, and whose principal duty will be to negotiate a financial loan with the International Bankers' Committee, represented by a partner of J. P. Morgan, Thomas W. Lamont, is said by the most conspicuous apologist for the Mexican regime to be lacking in that very quality which is most essential to his new position.

At present, in Washington, the Federal Trade Commission is investigating the activities of the public-utilities companies in their recent outrageous attempt to secure free favorable publicity for themselves in the news-

papers. Is there no commission in commission-filled Washington to investigate the sources of such reprehensible propaganda as this sent out by the Associated Press?

Education for the Negro

A REPORT recently issued by the Bureau of Education on the higher education of the Negro race from 1917 to 1927 shows in a striking manner the progress made in a decade. In that brief period, the number of institutions more than doubled, while the enrolment increased beyond sixfold. In 1917, thirty-one institutions offered college work. In 1927, the number was seventy-seven. Ten years before, the enrolment was 2,132. In 1927, it was 13,680.

Statistics must always be accepted with caution, but in the present case, sustained as they are by a palpable evidence of growth, they are incontestable. The annual income of the institutions studied rose from \$2,283,000 to \$8,560,000, an increase of 550 per cent. The value of the physical plant is \$38,680,000, a substantial growth from the \$15,720,000 of 1927. Productive endowments grew from \$7,225,000, with an annual income of \$361,250, to \$20,713,000, yielding an annual return of \$1,071,300.

The seventy-nine institutions surveyed fall into four groups. First, there are twenty-two controlled by the State, and publicly supported. Of the remaining schools, all privately owned, nine are controlled by independent boards or trustees, thirty-one by Northern white church boards, and seventeen by Negro church organizations and conferences. The independent schools report the largest financial support, the State schools rank second in this item, the Negro church organizations third, and the Northern boards last.

More than a thousand teachers are now engaged in these institutions. Requirements for admission have been raised, and an earnest effort is everywhere observable both to serve the present needs of the race, and, at the same time, to bring the schools in conformity with the most approved academic standards.

In the view of the fact that our social and economic life—to cite no higher grounds—demands the education of the Negro, we rejoice at these indications of prosperity. At the same time, it seems to us that this progress ought to shame us Catholics.

We have an annual collection for the Negro and Indian missions, but the returns are miserably inadequate. Half a dozen groups of Religious, men and women, not to speak of the local diocesan clergy, are devoting themselves to the task which, at times, must seem almost hopeless, of keeping our Catholic Negro children out of non-Catholic institutions, in which they will almost certainly lose the Faith, and in schools in which they will be protected. Perhaps some Catholics in the North pray for these heroic workers, and all will sympathize when the hardships of the Catholic Negro are brought to their attention. But how many translate that sympathy into a donation which will help to build a school, or keep a boy or girl under Catholic

care? The annual contribution of non-Catholics in the North to schools in the South is nearly \$2,000,000. The annual contribution of Catholics all over the United States to Catholic Negro schools in the South is not one-half that sum.

It has been said, and with no small degree of truth, that just at present American Catholics are distracted by appeals for aid from every part of the world. With small resources at best, they are obliged to refrain from giving, even when they know that those who appeal are worthy. We venture to suggest, however, that high on the list of worthy applicants are our Catholic Negro schools. The importance of this work can hardly be overestimated.

The heroism of the priests and Sisters who labor in this field deserves our sympathy, and should stir us to undergo some sacrifice to help them. We trust that the time will come when we shall have lay organizations in the more populous Catholic centers to make the educational needs of the Negro better known, and to secure that financial support without which, humanly speaking, the educated Catholic Negro will soon become a rarity.

The Red Plague of Divorce

IT is indeed reassuring to observe that many of our separated brethren are not so deeply engrossed in the promotion of partisan political interests that they are unable to attack social and religious problems of infinitely higher moment. Within the last few months, Lutheran as well as Presbyterian and Methodist congregations have, through organizations which, we assume, are representative if not wholly official, undertaken to study such ominous factors in our social life as hasty marriages and the fearful prevalence of divorce.

We welcome this movement. For many years Catholics were almost alone in their fight for the right of the child to a religious education. Within the last decade the Catholic contention has become so general that few are now disposed to deny it. Many non-Catholics, it is true, are so overwhelmed by the manifold difficulties created by the enshrinement of secularism in public education, that they fear to put in practice what they hold in theory. But they are helping to form a healthy public opinion against the pagan theory—with us an importation from foreign shores—that religion has no place which is vital, still less which is essential, in the education of the child. Much in the same manner, these Protestant churches are aiding in the creation of a healthy public opinion against hasty marriage and easy divorce.

As matters now stand, not much aid is to be looked for from legislation, whether Federal or State. In the absence of an amendment to the Constitution, legislation on marriage and divorce cannot be enacted by Congress, and it is to be hoped that such power will never be conferred upon the Federal Government. The States can help by greater care in issuing marriage licenses, and not a few of them by repealing their present codes which make marriage a mockery and social decency a delusion. But the real remedy for this as for so many other social

evils is not to be found either at Washington, or at any State capital, but in the proper training of the child at home and in the school.

Fundamentally, divorce is self-indulgence. Men and women repudiate the obligations of the marital bond, not because they are unable to fulfil them, but because they are unwilling to put up with the restraints which they impose. It is admitted, of course, that grounds which justify a separation *a mensa et thoro* can exist, and can be accepted as valid by the competent authority in Church and State. But a separation which keeps the bond intact and forbids new nuptials, differs essentially from the pretense that the bond may be so dissolved by the civil power as to leave both parties free to remarry. Such pretense, fostered as it is by our notoriously lax statutes, debases woman and destroys faith in the solemn pledge of fidelity given and received in marriage. It is beyond doubt one of the most actively corrupt factors at work in our social life today.

It is regrettable that so many reform groups, whose members grow pale at the thought of the havoc wrought in society by a mug of ale, are totally indifferent to the ravages caused by divorce. Were they to direct the energies now expended in pursuit of the demon Rum to the religious training of the child, much could be done to make happier marriages more numerous and divorce less common. Unless the young are trained to self-restraint both at home and in the school, and are given an opportunity to acquire at least the rudiments of an education in religion and morality, faithlessness to the marital tie will probably increase.

Possibly the condemnations of divorce recently issued by these various Protestant groups justify us in hoping for better things. In time, they may likewise recognize that the evils of easy divorce are guarded against most effectively by training the young in religion and morality.

Making the Courts Ridiculous

FOUR years ago two young college men in Chicago carefully planned and executed the murder of a little child. The wealth of their families secured skilled counsel, and an entire battery of "experts" in mental diseases, was marshaled at the trial.

The country that was shocked on learning of this revolting murder was scarcely less shocked by the conclusions which the judge and jury reached. The murderers escaped the death penalty "because of their youth," but were sentenced to a term of ninety-years in the penitentiary for kidnapping, and to a life term for the murder. The presiding judge and the prosecuting attorney further requested the State pardon board not to interfere in any way with these sentences.

The chairman of this board now claims that an error was made by the judge, and so these murderers will be able to apply for release on parole within another six years. The judge failed to order that the penalties be served consecutively. Hence they run concurrently, and the murderers can take advantage of the law which permits life

prisoners to apply for parole after twenty years. From this period the liberal allowances for good time may also be subtracted.

If the theory of the chairman is correct, it would appear that a sentence of ninety-nine years plus the duration of life for kidnapping and murder can be finished and done with in about ten years.

We may be permitted to hope that the chairman is in error. Should the prison gates swing open to release the perpetrators of the most revolting crime of this century, another step has been taken to make our criminal procedure ridiculous.

Our Unequaled Prosperity

POLITICIANS of all stripes and shades are using much valuable time in reassuring the wage earner that never before in all history was he so prosperous. The wage earner is listening in the hope that he may discover some means of making these dreams come true.

For dreams they are, and not sober realities. The Republicans and the Democrats are at odds on the number of the unemployed, and also as to the degree in which all the people share in the country's undoubted wealth. But even admitting that unemployment is not more alarming than it usually is, and admitting, too, that there is plenty of money in this country, we refuse to break out into paeans of joy over the happy lot of the man who works for wages.

There is altogether too much talk of wage earners and too little of the wider extension of ownership. Men work willingly for wages when they can obtain nothing better, but the wage system must not be accepted as the climax of perfection. As Leo XIII observed, prosperity is secured by increasing as far as may be possible the number of owners. This increase may be brought about by many means, but the ominous fact at present is that of the men who have and hold, the majority propose to continue not only to have and to hold, but to have and to hold more. They are well satisfied with the present economic system. They are willing to pay wages—in reason, of course. But ownership they propose to restrict.

The student must take into consideration the open-shop movement, the increasing use of the injunction in industrial disputes, the "yellow-dog contract" and the weakening of freely organized labor in this country, if he wishes to arrive at a correct evaluation of the condition of the American wage earner. The point is not how much money there is in a country, but in whose pockets that money is; not what are a country's resources, but who and how many control them.

The predatory barons of the last century showed to a nicety how small groups in control of the natural sources of wealth can dole out "prosperity" in the form of wages. May we learn from that evil example the necessity of securing for the common good the sources that yet remain. Pending that time, it seems to us that our prosperity is not precisely "unequalled." It is, rather, "unequal," and that in a most unhealthy degree.

A Canadian Master-Carver

N. TOURNEUR

THOUGH he is no Michael Angelo, throughout the Province of Quebec and other parts of Canada, and also in the United States, he is better known than Italy's great medieval sculptor—he whose chisel nigh surpassed his brush. Louis Jobin is of the old-world village of St. Anne de Beaupré with its basilica, monasteries, and convents. St. Anne de Beaupré—the bourne of many pilgrims—with its religious atmosphere and soothing countryside is appropriate environment for one whose sacred figures adorn so many churches, chapels, cemeteries, church and convent grounds, and stand as Calvaries by the roadside. Here in the Province of Quebec, as also throughout the French West Indies, the age-old Catholic custom of erecting roadside Calvaries is heartily maintained. This custom appears to be widening its range in the United States, and many a figure there also comes from the hand of Louis Jobin.

Two generations and more he has wrought in his little shop up the hill, and he has carved so many religious statues—nigh all of them commissioned work—that the number of them is forgotten. Yet so characteristic is his work—so individual his "touch"—that each one is to be recognized at once as a "Jobin."

Old is this master carver for the church—a little man with broad forehead and strong nose, white hair, and kindly voice and features. His work has sweetened the years for him, and because of it his lore relating to the Saints is surprisingly wide and deep. A carver he calls himself, but the better term is a sculptor in wood, for every touch his chisel as he shapes the block of well-seasoned timber is the touch of an artist. His heart dwells in his work.

Jobin has not always been an artificer in wood for the Church. As a lad he was apprentice to M. Berlingeret, himself a noted wood worker of Quebec, and many were the figureheads he helped to fashion for the three-masters, brigs, schooners, and other craft of the sailing-ships' days. Then he went to New York for a year or two, still pursuing his trade for the windjammers, but his heart called him home to Canada and Quebec; and then, the figurehead trade declining, Jobin turned his attention to his life work—the artificing of religious and sacred figures in wood. And his was no easy job at first, for Lower Canada has had for several centuries wood carvers of remarkable distinction, whose skill has been put forth to embellish both saint and legend.

For two generations or so Jobin has wrought in his plain little shop—some may call it atelier—in St. Anne, at the rise of the Beaupré road. And thence his work has gone north and south, east and west, and in some instances across the Atlantic, to England, Ireland, and France, in honor of Christ, His Mother, and the Saints. You easily pick out Jobin's place, as apart from his name board right over the portal, the big double-folding door with the square windows on each side of it, you see,

perched up under the eaves and on each side of the name board, the statuettes of saints.

His figures Jobin usually covers with thin flexible sheet lead or, again, copper, as a protection against the weather. Had this been done by earlier carvers, Canada would have been enriched by several celebrated statues, which the elements have destroyed. Occasionally, however, a "creation" of his has to be completely covered, overlaid, with gold leaf. This part of the work is done by a nephew, who has made the painting and also the gilding of the figures very much of a speciality.

Not for years has Jobin put his name to his work. It is not possible to see the Blessed Virgin or a saint or a figure of Christ, as artified by Jobin's chisel, without recognizing that here is a "touch," an inspiration, which none can imitate. And every one he conveys down to the Basilica, to be blest before it goes forth to comfort and inspire.

Never has he had a dull week in his life. The atmosphere of St. Anne de Beaupré with its fascinating round of human and religious interests—the two mingling here into one whole as they often did elsewhere in less sophisticated ages than these of ours and our fathers—together with the most pleasant and open countryside, is an important co-factor in the work of Jobin's calibre. At heart he is deeply religious, though his is not the religion of display piety. It rests in his work and in his attitude to life—his is the helping heart and hand.

In St. Anne's, Vespers is no mere ceremonial as it is too often elsewhere—but with the French Canadians it is real, beneficent Evensong. At the end of the day, his work finished, and the atelier tidied up, Louis Jobin, having made himself neat and respectable (and this word is used in its original sense), takes his way to Vespers, be the weather summer or winter. He lives close to the saints and holy angels—hence the rare qualities of his figures, every one of which is fresh minted in his head and heart.

Only an artist having so sweet and uncorroded a nature as old Louis Jobin possesses can impart to his handiwork that feeling of something not of this earth, of something akin to the spiritual; and this you find in the French-Canadian's artificing in wood.

And what is the keynote of the character and career of him whose work stands forth to many many thousands as representing in statue the very core of their thoughts and being—Our Lord, His beloved Mother, and the blessed Saints? It is simplicity. His life has been and is as simple as his workshop or atelier. Here is no flamboyant advertising of himself and his work. Indeed, except for the bits of carving, you might mistake the place for that of a carpenter who is out of work and has the trait of scrupulous tidiness. Then your eyes rest on the block of wood over which the old carver is working.

and, lo, there you see a Christ, or a Blessed Virgin, or other hallowed figure, being slowly, inevitably, fashioned for the devotion of perhaps thousands, by Louis Jobin, true artist and faithful servant of the Church.

Under the Southern Cross—II

THOMAS O'HAGAN

THE making-up and fusing of the peoples of South American countries affords an interesting study. There are quarters, in South America, where the race of the *conquistadores* has pretty well maintained its integrity. In others the fusion of foreign races is very evident. Then there is the native Indian who in alliance with the Spaniard gives us the *mestizo*. Chile has a much purer Spanish race than Argentina; and Colombia has a still purer Spanish race than Chile.

Colombia is the only country in South America where the Castilian accent prevails. The pronunciation of Spanish is largely similar in most of the South American countries, including also Cuba and Mexico. Colombia is the only exception to this. This non-Castilian accent probably arises from the fact that the early Spanish colonists hailed largely from Southern Spain where the Castilian accent does not obtain.

Perhaps the two greatest and most important centers of literary activity in South America are Bogota and Buenos Aires. The former is called the Athens of South America. Its innumerable bookstores and many publishing houses witness to its intellectual side. A remarkable feature of literary Buenos Aires is the large number of translations into Spanish that are made from popular and classical works in English, French and German.

We can claim, too, for Argentina the most modern and up-to-date progress. Argentina is, however, in some respects somewhat handicapped. It has no coal and it lacks wood for building purposes. Its wealth is in its soil and climate. Much of its soil has to be only "tickled with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest." It is, too, essentially a grazing country. Flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, troops of horses roam over its pampas; bringing untold wealth to the *estancieros*. The *gaucho* (cowboy) has largely passed away; but the *estancias* remain and are multiplying. They have during the past thirty or forty years yielded a rich crop of millionaires. Some of the *estancias* extend for eighty miles; and the ordinary one is from eight to ten miles long. Mr. Nelson's *estancia* at San Patricio, which the writer visited, is about nine miles square. This son of Erin is among the Irish Catholics who set out for the Argentina forty or fifty years ago, and with characteristic enterprise has made good under the Southern Cross.

But Argentina, which is so large that Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Ireland and Scotland, together with Italy, could find room on its surface, side by side, is not all *estancias*. There is also some small intensive farming done. This is chiefly in the hands of Italians. There are in all Argentina some million and a half Italians of whom about a half a million are found in Buenos Aires.

There are probably one hundred thousand Irish or sons and daughters of Irishmen in Argentina. Some of them have risen to eminence. Perhaps the greatest Irish name in Argentina history is that of William Brown, the founder of the Argentine navy. This great Irish Argentine was born in Foxford, County Mayo, Ireland, in 1777, and died in Buenos Aires, in 1852. His funeral oration was delivered by General Mitre, the great Argentine scholar, poet, statesman and journalist, who was widely regarded as the Gladstone of Argentina. The Irish community of Buenos Aires have erected to the memory of Admiral William Brown a magnificent monument. The name, too, of Father Fahy will be ever held in benediction by the Irish of Buenos Aires. They are planning to erect soon a memorial to him, the "Fahy Institute," which will witness for all times to their love and affection for this Irish Soggarth Aroon.

Nothing is a more reliable key to the intellectual worth of a people than the character of their press and their general interest in literature. These are a truer index of their trend and taste and the measure of their intelligence than even the academic buildings which crown the avenues of their cities.

In these, Buenos Aires reveals certainly its intellectual predilections. It has a most creditable press; and its many magnificent and well-stocked bookstores, in which may be found the choicest literature of every land, testify to the demand among its citizens for an acquaintance with the best and latest works, in the realms of philosophy, economics, science, art and letters.

I had an opportunity of visiting the offices of the three great Spanish dailies of Buenos Aires: *La Prensa*, *La Nacion* and *La Razon*; and through the courtesy of their several managing editors I learned much of the history and development of each journal, as well as the traditions and policy which have helped to shape their course, and establish them in the confidence of the reading public.

La Prensa is installed in a magnificent edifice, and has a journalistic equipment unsurpassed by that of any newspaper in either London or New York. Its normal circulation is 320,000 daily, while its Sunday and special editions reach 430,000. A page advertisement in *La Prensa*, for one issue, costs \$1,100. A thousand men and women are engaged in its publication, and of these, eighty are reporters. *La Prensa* maintains in its offices six doctors and one lawyer, who give their advice free to the poor of the city. I learned that much of the paper used in *La Prensa* and *La Nacion* is obtained from Canada.

La Nacion in its make-up and presentation of news resembles more than *La Prensa* the form of an American journal. It emphasizes the literary side, and its book reviews are almost as carefully written as are those of the Manchester *Guardian* or the New York *Times*. *La Nacion* was founded more than sixty years ago by the great Argentine scholar, poet and statesman and one time President, General Mitre, who, as I have said, was regarded as the Gladstone of South America.

La Razon is the most popular of all the afternoon papers and is, too, widely read. It corresponds to *Il Messaggero* in Rome or the *London Mail*. A paper of

high literary merit is *El Diario*. The sensational journal of Buenos Aires, *La Critica*, appealing to uninformed minds, has established for itself a large circulation. Sometimes, as in other lands, its torturing truth to reach sensation brings it into court and gives pause to its wonted journalistic enterprise. The leading Argentine reviews by order of age are: *Caras y Caretas*, *El Hogar* and *Mundo Argentino*.

Then there are two English daily papers: *The Standard* and *The Buenos Aires Herald*. The first was founded by the famous statistician of Dublin, Ireland, Michael G. Mulhall, sixty-seven years ago. Both the *Standard* and the *Herald* have good news service and keep English and Americans in Buenos Aires in touch with their mother countries. *La Patria degli Italiani*, *Die Deutsche la Plata Geitung* and *Le Courrier Francais* represent the Italian, German and French elements.

Nor is the distinctively religious Catholic press wanting in Buenos Aires. *El Criterio*, edited by laymen, is to the Argentine what AMERICA is to the United States and Canada. Amongst its contributors are many of the great

literary celebrities of Argentina. There is, too, a Catholic daily paper edited in Spanish, *El Pueblo*. For children the chief publication is *Aldino*, while *Estudios* is the principal monthly Catholic publication and fills a place in the Argentine like its namesakes, *Studies*, in Dublin among Irish Catholic readers, the *Etudes*, in Paris, and *Studien*, in Holland. Nor should we forget here a veteran Catholic journal, the *Southern Cross*, established more than fifty years ago and now ably edited by Francis Foley, brother of Father Foley, S.J., of Dublin.

The writer knows nothing of the provincial journals of Argentina. Seeing, however, that this most progressive Republic is largely a one-city country, at least as yet, it is very probable that its provincial newspapers are scarcely in keeping with the great cosmopolitan journals of its Capital. Besides, the early morning trains leaving Buenos Aires, and speeding across the Pampas, carry thousands of copies of *La Nacion* and *La Prensa* to the *estancieros* (ranchers) who obtain them from the windows of the trains and with avidity scan the latest news of the day.

World Peace and the 1928 Eucharistic Congress

DANIEL E. DORAN

THE Eucharistic Congress of 1928 has been brought to its majestic climax. The pomp and splendor that were Australia's in her hour of glory are even now stored in the memories of the devout who gathered on the heights of Sydney to witness its impressive ending or are portrayed in pictures and written into records that men from afar may see and read.

As after every great event which is planned for the purpose of doing more than exciting a temporary glow of enthusiasm, it is now appropriate to consider what may be the effect of this great manifestation of faith, held for the first time in the Southern Hemisphere and at a distance greater than ever before from the see and center of Christendom.

In its own way the Australian Congress was an unique event. It was regarded by men who had come from all parts of the world, and who were well qualified to speak, as a marvel of skilled organization carried out without a single accident or discordant note and blessed by the utmost cooperation on the part of a Government that one hundred years ago had set its face against the Church and bidden its ministers begone. There were touches of pageantry in the program that were unequaled and indeed unattempted at any like event. Such was the great procession on water and land in which the Blessed Sacrament was borne from the ecclesiastical seminary at Manly, across the colorful Sydney harbor on a gilded yacht and thence to the heights of the city whereon towers St. Mary's Cathedral.

These things will, of course, be told and retold in many tongues and in all lands to which the devout will return and recite the story of their Australian pilgrimage made out of love for the Blessed Sacrament. There will be, too, vivid descriptions of the great gathering of the

men, 120,000 strong, carrying lighted candles, at the Agricultural Grounds of Sydney, and of the impressive international meetings, and of the ceremonies within and without the great Cathedral that so fittingly was completed, after sixty years of ardent labor, for this greatest of all Australian Catholic events.

There will be, no doubt, as there was after Chicago, a great quickening of the faith that is within the children of Australia and a greater knowledge of and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. This is but natural, for it is the result that might be expected from a year of intensive preparation that spread the doctrine of the imprisoned Saviour in every church and school and Catholic society and thence into every Catholic home and every Catholic heart in all the Commonwealth. New saints will have been prompted to do great deeds; new poets will have been inspired to sing great songs of love to the imprisoned Jesus, and vocations to serve the King in whose name such magnificence could be made possible will be multiplied.

All these things are of truly Catholic character. Things they are for which Eucharistic Congresses were intended and by the Holy Ghost inspired. Without such all their magnificence might become mere display.

But what will the effect of this Congress be on the world at large? Upon a doubting world or one that is frank in its disbelief? Upon the world that is bound down with the weight of pagan ideas or at least labors under those ills and evils that oftentimes afflict even Christian peoples? What will its effect, particularly, be upon an alien world—the newly conscious world that is Asia—stirring from its long sleep and having within it the potency to challenge the white man's culture and the white man's power and the white man's Christianity?

May it not be that in the designs of Providence Aus-

tralia has been destined to be the powerful ambassador of the white man's culture and the white man's religion to those nations of the East that even now are looming large on the consciousness of a self-named civilization?

For Australia, the little-known, has come into its own as a mighty nation. It has emerged from the vicissitudes of a long colonization period through the stress and trial of a great war. From a settlement that might have been mentioned in the same breath with a struggling score of others it has attained a major importance among world commonwealths. The strongest and most promising of the daughters that have recently been sprung from a white man's culture, it may yet be the land in which the foundation of a world peace, firmly entrenched, will save the races of the earth from a calamity such as this generation has once witnessed.

This nation of 5,000,000 people, because of its growth in wealth and power, has increased substantially in its responsibility insofar as the spread of Christianity and the preservation of peace among the peoples of the world is concerned.

Only last April, the Catholic Anthropological Conference, meeting in Washington, warned us that the three great cultures of the world—the Mediterranean, or Euro-American, the Hindu and the Sinitic (the last embracing China, Japan and Korea)—were engaged in a titanic non-military struggle for supremacy that dwarfed the World-War in magnitude and significance. During the same week, and in the same city, the Catholic Association for International Peace held its sessions. Its committees brought in specific recommendations as to the manner in which cooperation towards peace might be fostered between the United States and Europe and between the United States and Latin America. But the Committee on Relations with Asia had no specific report to make. Is Asia, then, the enigma of the white nations?

The political prophets warn us that that next conflict seems likely to be one in which the Hindu and Sinitic civilizations will match strength with the white civilization and that alien cultures as well as alien races will be involved. If such a calamity should eventuate, it would mean a struggle far more cruel and far more titanic than that which we have witnessed, wherein Central and Western Europe, both imbibing their culture from the same sources, were embattled. And to add to the sinister aspect of such a conflict between East and West, we have a definitely atheistic Soviet Russia lurking behind the Oriental races and a none-too-remote prospect of this giant aligning itself with them in a war against its own Caucasian civilization.

That the Australian Catholic lay body, in its preparations for the Eucharistic Congress, was not unconscious of its obligations as far as the spread of Christianity is concerned nor of its responsibility in the matter of the maintenance of world peace was evident from the serious consideration given these subjects by the Catholic Club of Sydney in a series of lectures under its auspices. Here are examples of some of the titles:

The Congress Comes to Christian Australia in the Pagan Pacific. Australia's Geographical Position. Strategical Importance for

Christian Progress in the East. Catholic Aspects of Discovery and the Early History of Australia. Australia the Outpost of the New Christianity.

The Congress Comes to Australia—the Youngest of Nations. Her Nationhood in a Christian Setting. Christian Ideals, Traditions, Prospects of Australia. The Compliment to Australia from the Father of Christendom. Australia—Meet Place for Christian Pilgrimage and Hope.

Australia, the White Man's Land and World Peace. The Australian Congress Enthroning the Kings of Peace. The Eucharistic Peacemaker Adjusting Understandings. The Congress of Friendship of East and West. The Light of the East—the Faith of the West. The Southern Cross—*In Hoc Signo Vinces*, Australia.

Here are themes that for their importance compel the attention of Christian seeking and peace-loving peoples everywhere. The fact that the Australian Catholics have sought to have them bound up intimately with the great manifestation of Christian faith which has been theirs to have is significant.

God's ways are not our ways, nor are the workings of Divine Providence always to be discerned in titles and prepared lectures and elaborately worked-out programs. Yet, when Christian men, intelligent and conscious of their responsibilities, sit down to a consideration of important, nay, soul-compelling topics such as these, it cannot but be that they have grasped the significance of something worth striving for to an end which may result in the determination of human destines and thus the reflection of a Divine wisdom that guides the world to security and truth.

If, under such inspiration, the children of Australia entered into the contemplation of the splendor that was the Eucharistic Congress, did they not see in every alien face and hear in every foreign tongue a something which brought their minds back to the days of Pentecost, when the Medes and the Parthians and the Elamites partook of a common Gospel and gloried in a Universal God of Peace?

Did they not see, even in the misunderstood Oriental now claiming for the first time his own in the modern world, a harbinger of that world peace in Christ which would be and is the greatest of all ideals?

To the races of the Pacific—the Malays of the Fiji Islands and the Hawaiian group and the Dutch East Indies—the white men in the Pacific have assumed the role of protectors because they have recognized in them no menace to their own security. May it not be the same with the Oriental races which may come within our generation to be dominated either by a paganism that will come out of Soviet Russia or a Christianity that has come to them from Palestine by way of Europe?

Australia, in her youth, sees the strong arm of the Church, through her Irish and English and American missionaries, stretching out to the alien and mysterious Orient as never before. She becomes conscious that already in India there are three million Catholics and that a small army of priests and nuns and lay brothers and medical workers is on the battlefield there waging the fight for Christ. She comes to realize that China and Japan and Korea have become the centers of an intensive missionary effort that is being blessed daily by fresh converts and that the initial steps towards the

formation of a native hierarchy for alien lands have been taken. Indeed, if she were not already conscious of these facts she would have had them impressed upon her during the days of the Congress by the presence of a numerous body of missionaries, some of whom paused in the midst of their labors in these white fields that they might find in Australia the inspiration which would carry them on with their work till death.

Australia is unique in that she is geographically the most separated from Europe and America of all the strongholds of the white men. The most direct line of communication which these exiles of the European countries have with their forefathers is, politically, through England and spiritually, with Rome, through Ireland. To reach the political mother country it has been and is necessary to sail over a long barrier of seas and to pass a long barrier of alien cultures—India, Persia and Africa. To reach the spiritual mother country—for it was the Irish Catholic who fought the good fight that the Faith might be maintained in Australia—no such journey is now necessary because the daughter has in one sense outrun the mother and the Eucharistic Congress—the greatest outward manifestation of the Faith in this age—is held in Australia before it is held in Ireland.

Precious, therefore, is Australia's privilege and important, indeed, is Australia's mission. Destiny may await her word and action. And if it does, it is the trust of the thousands who have watched with admiration the calm spirituality and the broad Christianity with which Australia this year discharged her obligations that she may not be unequal to the tasks and burdens of the future.

OLD LADY

Poor old body
Worn and thin:
Poor old
Sarah Finn.

Bent like a snow-bush;
Hobbling her own
Way to Eternity
Alone.

No husband,
No family,—
Just Sarah,
Just she.

She says "Ef I'd find
Some 'un to bury me,
There wouldn't be nuthin'
Else to worry me."

Ah well! we buried her.
Peacefully, too,
She died. Spinsters
Always do.

Like spent candles
When you snuff
Them singly, softly,
Puff! Puff!

Cherubim and Seraphim,
Praise ye the Lord!
Cherubim and Sarah Finn,
With one accord!

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

Confidential Letters of a Campaign Manager to His Candidate. No. 2.

PIERRE SOULÉ MARTIN

MY Dear J. B.: You will be glad to learn that we are financing your campaign on a liberal basis, and that the money we shall need is coming to us rather easily. It is hardly necessary to remind you how good a sign that is. It signifies that the big fellows think you can win. If they had any doubts of your success they would be with the other crowd. Of course, they would hand us a trifle even if we hadn't a chance, because they would want to carry a little insurance, but their real money would be against us. I know you won't take their support as a personal compliment, but will regard it (as I do) simply as a rather heartening political omen.

We shall have plenty of funds, indications are, both for necessities and luxuries. You will understand what I mean by luxuries—the friends and followers of the fellows who opposed your nomination. They will have to be paid extravagantly, of course, and saved from toil. They'll compensate us with advice—which we shall appraise very highly as revealing the policies and courses we must avoid if we hope for victory. Isn't this tradition of giving the best jobs in a campaign to former opponents a strange survival? Who began the practice? There is a semblance (but no substance) of Christianity in the thing, but it can hardly be that. Charity obliges us to forgive our enemies, I know. It does not, however, constrain us to pay them big salaries for becoming friends with us again.

The workers in the headquarters will be your friends and ours. Of that you may be sure. They will have to take their wages partly in promises of jobs—little and big—in your administration, so we can confidently expect complete loyalty and hard labor from *them*. It is one of the anomalies that in politics people do more for the money they're promised than they can be got to do for the money they are paid.

A good deal of pressure is being put on some of the magnates, and we hope to be able to get rather big contributions from them. Two in particular are going to be quite generous. They don't know it yet, but we'll convince them that they can't afford to ignore a sound six-per-cent investment. We have plans to draft still others. They will appear in print as volunteers—with "words of the warmest indorsement" for you. Some of the prospective contributors are trying to bargain for favors after the election, but we warn this sort of the possibility of a legislative investigation of our campaign receipts, expenditures and pledges. We could make them promises, of course, but they would want to write us letters on the subject afterwards. We could destroy our files; over theirs we'd have no control.

Naturally, we are having the normal experiences with the people who seek to give us their friends' instead of their own cash—"donors of contributors," as Charlie calls them. There is only one cheaper brand from which we have to suffer. They are the chaps who rush into the

papers with indorsements of you (or any other candidate) and then expect their conversation to rate as a contribution. We have had a lot of this kind lately. Fortunately we can repay them conversationally, if and when they come to us for pottage after we get into power.

Charlie thinks we ought shortly to issue a statement of our intention to refuse donations from "selfish interests." He says this would give our papers an opportunity to write commendatory editorials, while at the same time it would not alienate any prospective contributors. He says no one in politics or big business will take it seriously—and the public may. I'm a little afraid to risk it, because we can't tell just yet how much the campaign is going to cost us and we must avoid arousing fears or antagonism in any quarter. It is already certain that we shall spend more than the amounts we have budgeted. We can't admit that now. The opposition won't dare raise the question. If they haven't exceeded their own limit they will want to, and starting a row would bring the police to their cabin. It isn't that I am timid about rejecting the "selfish interests." I only doubt the wisdom of advertising that we don't want donations at this stage of the campaign. Moreover, I don't care to get into a debate on the definition of "selfish interests."

Should I change my mind about Charlie's idea, I shall approach our potential contributors and get their views of the statement he suggests. If they can be persuaded to see its advantages to us and its harmlessness to them, I shall let you know.

We are organizing a "drive" to bring voters to the polls. It is our plan to stress the duties and obligations of citizenship, and urge voters to participate in the election of their public servants. Civic, patriotic and religious groups can be induced, I think, to take the initiative and bear the expense. Officials of such outfits are generally anxious for a spell in the spotlight. We shall reach them through some of our people in the banks or churches. If the poll is exceptionally heavy in November it will be a convenient explanation of the large expenditures I foresee on our side.

Always Faithfully,
WARWICK.

P. S.—This discussion of money reminds me that I think you ought to include in your next speech on the radio a declaration that "this election cannot be carried by the reckless or reprehensible expenditure of money, but will be decided by the intelligent, conscientious and patriotic voters."

SUMMER NIGHT

A willow's arms embrace the moon's large roundness
And strain to drag it from its star-decked hall;
Its face grows crimson hot with the mad struggle,
And star glints tremble, lose their poise, and fall.

In some far land a scientist will ponder
These flinty masses with his book and glass,
Will give some learned statement of their coming,—
And smiling I shall let his wisdom pass.

J. R. N. MAXWELL, S.J.

October Sketches

VINCENT DE PAUL FITZPATRICK

MAY I present to the readers of AMERICA a few October sketches which stand out clearly upon the canvas of my memory?

It is twilight of one of those October days of which "Maryland, the Land of Sanctuary," has reason to feel proud. The scene is in the corridor on the second floor of the plain, unpretentious home of "America's First Citizen," James Cardinal Gibbons. The window at the east end looks out on Charles Street, one of the picturesque thoroughfares of this country, along which are strolling Baltimore jurists and physicians, lawyers and bankers, store girls and stenographers, beaux and belles—all walking along towards the towering and beautiful shaft, which was the first memorial erected in the United States to "The Father of His Country."

Up and down the corridor James Cardinal Gibbons walks rapidly. Over and over again he whispers the "Our Fathers" and the "Hail Marys" which make up Our Lady's chaplet. Through the window at the west end of the corridor one sees the dome of the Cathedral of the Assumption, the mother church of the Catholic churches of the country. That dome is tinted with the last rays of the setting sun. Nearer to the window, only a few feet away, is the crypt in which lie Archbishop John Carroll, Father of the American Hierarchy, and five of his seven deceased successors in the Premier See—Maréchal, Whitfield, Eccleston, Kenrick and Spalding. They, too, said their beads on October evenings within a few feet of where they now sleep their eternal sleep.

Leonard Neale, second Archbishop of Baltimore, is buried in the chapel of the Georgetown Visitation Convent, and James Roosevelt Bayley, eighth Archbishop of Baltimore, in the little chapel at Saint Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md. His grave is beside that of his aunt, Mother Elizabeth Anne Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul in the United States.

All is quiet in the Cardinal's home on this afternoon which the canvas pictures for us, save for the pattering of His Eminence's slippers as he walks to and fro, the whispering of his prayers, the rattling of his beads.

I saw Cardinal Gibbons hundreds of times. I talked with him many scores of times. I looked upon him in his pontifical robes of office in the Baltimore cathedral and other cathedrals. I saw him in the privacy of his room as he talked to me about "Cabbages and Kings." I walked up and down with him in the corridor where he was wont to say his beads. I saw and heard 20,000 acclaim him in the Fifth Regiment Armory, Baltimore, on the occasion of the civic celebration of the golden jubilee of his priesthood and the silver jubilee of his cardinalate. I saw President Taft walk arm-in-arm with him as the band played "Maryland, My Maryland," and the crowd cheered with a mighty roar. In that procession of triumph there walked former President Theodore Roosevelt, Ambassador Bryce of Great Britain, Chief Justice White, of the Supreme Court of the United

States, diplomatic representatives of many nations, Senators, Congressmen and other notables of this country and foreign lands.

And yet the picture which stands out most appealingly to me from the many mental canvases which I have of His Eminence is that of him walking up and down the corridor on the second floor of his home, saying his beads at twilight on October days.

Another canvas. A boy a year old. He is playing in a room by the bed of an invalid relative. Sisters of Charity are in the room paying the invalid a visit. The year-old sees the rosary beads hanging down the side of the habit of one of the Sisters. He clutches the beads, plays with them and looks at them with questioning eyes. The Sister of Charity places the boy upon her lap, runs his little fingers over the beads and expressed the hope that in years to come he will often hold the rosary in his hand and have a love for Mary's chaplet. I re-echo the hope. He means so much to me.

Another picture of that same yearling. He puts his hand under the pillow of the invalid and takes therefrom many rosaries. For eighteen years that invalid lay on a bed of pain. She kept under her pillow medals of the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart, and rosaries. She gave medals, rosaries and sacred pictures to little boys and girls on their First Communion Day. Once she gave a rosary to a girl on her wedding day. Years afterward that bride walked many miles over muddy roads and through the rain to attend the Mass of Requiem for the invalid who had given her the rosary on her wedding day.

In the heart of Baltimore's business district. About eleven o'clock at night. An Italian woman is nodding by her fruit stand. Something drops from her hand. She awakens with a start, looks around, reaches down and picks up her beads. She kisses them, begins again to say them, begins again to nod.

An October night on the banks of the Rio Grande in the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Eagle Pass, Texas. From the door of the church can be seen the people walking in the streets of Piedras Negras, Mexico, across the river. The choir of the little Texas church sings Spanish hymns in honor of Our Blessed Lady. It is the year 1916. Soldier boys from the Maryland and the Vermont National Guards and from many other States as represented by men of the regular army are in the church for the rosary devotions. Kneeling among them is the Chief of Staff of the Eagle Pass Post, one Major Paul B. Malone. A few weeks ago the Major of 1916 was made a Major General. Recently in the railroad station at Chicago he met one of his boyhood chums, a fellow-pupil at Saint James' Parochial School, New York City. The two exchanged reminiscences.

Another night in October, in the rectory of Our Lady of Refuge, Eagle Pass. The pastor of the church is a Frenchman. He has relatives in the World War, fighting

for France. He loves France intensely. His assistant is a German. He has brothers and other relatives in the German army. He loves Germany intensely. Pastor and assistant are members of the Order of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The pastor sits in his library. The assistant is in the garden. He receives a message, reads it, goes into the house and haltingly tells the pastor that his (the assistant's) brother has been killed in battle. The pastor grips the hand of his assistant with warm sympathy. The two go into the church, kneel before the Tabernacle and say the rosary for him who had died for the country he loved.

And now a canvas in Mexico City. A priest dressed in civilian clothes kneels at the door of the church. His arms are outstretched in the form of a cross. His right hand holds his beads. He asks "Mary, Comfortress of the Afflicted" to intercede with her Divine Son for unhappy Mexico.

Another Mexican canvas. On the outskirts of Mexico City. The Shrine of Guadalupe. Priests and laymen, most of them of Indian features, are saying their rosaries on an October morning. I think of another Shrine of Mary in October—Saint Anne de Beaupré. Everything was peaceful at Beaupré that morning. Everything at Guadalupe, this morning, hints of dire forebodings. Mary, these clients love you so much. Do you love them much. The sword of sorrow has pierced their hearts but their real Calvary is yet to come.

Early October in a little church in an Indian village not far from Montreal—Caughnawauga. Cows roam the banks of the Saint Lawrence. One thinks of Gray's Elegy. Two or three Indians kneel on the rough benches of the church as they tell their beads. The genial pastor of the congregation takes me into a vault-like room, unlocks a safe and points through the glass lid of a sealed box to the bones of Catherine Tegakwitha, "Lily of the Mohawks" and Child of Mary. As I gaze upon the sacred relics I think of a Jogues, a Lallement, a Brebeuf, who were taught to say their beads at a mother's knee in France. They in turn taught the rosary to the Indians. They died with Mary's chaplet upon them as they crimsoned the soil of America, those Captains in Christ's army, with their martyrs' blood.

St. Francis Xavier Church, Baltimore. Stormy political conventions once were held here. Here was Lincoln nominated for his second fateful term. Now it is a little church. Steam engines puff near by. Trolley cars clang outside. Fire engines dash along with their sirens shrieking. But within the church, unmindful of the clamor of the world, kneel devotees of Mary, there a banker, there a letter carrier from the post-office hard by, there an aged negro, a reminder of slavery days—all saying their beads. And over there, a freckled-face man, who was one of the greatest ball players in the history of our national game. Hughie Jennings he is called.

Let me show you this canvas. It is of the crypt of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at the Catholic University of America. Holy Name men of Washington are gathered to celebrate the feast of "Christ, the King." Students from the Dominican House of Studies recite, in the *Educational Review* (71:29-36), investigators have wards they sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. If you have never heard the Dominican students in Washington sing Mary's Litany in the crypt of the National Shrine, wish ardently that some day you may.

A Saturday afternoon in October in the year 1927, I am returning from the Yankee Stadium in New York City. The Yankees ten minutes ago won the world's series from Pittsburgh. I am traveling on the "L." I see miles of New York roofs with thousands of aerials upon them. A young girl sits next to me. I do not know who or what she is. She opens her handbag, takes out a compact and powders her nose—the eternal feminine vanity, thy name is woman! And then! I involuntarily glance into the handbag. There are many knicknacks in it. Among the knicknacks I see a Sacred Heart badge and a rosary.

BLUE

Blue is no color as are green and rose;
It is a liquid beauty poured
From out the cisterns of eternal mysteries
Down the far floor of the sky,
Where silver stars prick through, lest we forget,
While night goes by,
The wide blue rapture of a summer sky.

Blue is no color; 'tis delight's soft croon
Across a mountain lake at noon;
It is a swift surprise
Trembling in blue-flags pennant-wise
Above a marsh; it is the quiet harmony
Of all domestic things: blue plates
Clean against enameled racks, and squares
Of blue across a bathroom floor,
And blue-ringed chairs.

It is a melody when spring comes back,
And bluebirds dart the wonder of their wings
Against the green of growing things.

Blue is no color; in your eyes
It is the brooding memory of beauty flung
From lace of trees against a winter sky
And rain-drenched gardens in the sun.

Blue is no color; it is a clarioning
From out the battlements of God's great house,
Lest we forget
That Beauty Absolute there keeps carouse
Eternally with ravishment beyond the stars.
But I have gone half wistful for earth's things
And feared the surfeiting when I must die—
Who am so filled with one blue shadow of a tree on snow,
And one blue spot
Upon a butterfly.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.R.

Education

The Orientation of College Freshmen

BURTON CONFREY

NO matter what form special courses for freshmen have taken (and we may see the many varieties from such reports as those in the last two bulletins of the Catholic Education Association, or from the Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors, Volume VIII, No. 6, October, 1922, or from such articles as that in the *Educational Review* (71:29-36), investigators have become convinced that merely a freshman week without follow-up, or a series of lectures by various members of a faculty, or in fact any kind of teaching that does not require application through practice, is unsatisfactory. Lectures on how to study avail nothing if the students are not put through the exercise of learning to study. A time budget affords no solution unless it is actually put into use and adhered to. The lecturer with an encyclopedic mind may dazzle freshman listeners; but if he organizes nothing, neither will they. The students may be aroused; but from the standpoint of mental efficiency, unless they react definitely they are worse off than before they heard him.

The usual objective of introductory courses for the newcomer on college level is to enable him to make the proper adjustment to his new life—he must pass his courses, become oriented to his new environment and to his inheritance in the world as a whole, and comprehend clearly the requirements of his university career in its entirety. The goal in the Catholic university includes in addition the giving to the student a Catholic sense. We teach him to study, to think, and to make better adjustments to college life, and survey with him the significant fields of knowledge from the Catholic point of view. We hear much nowadays about training to take on social institutions as the goal of education; and while we recognize the value of such training, we see readily the significance of Bishop Spalding's "The purpose of education is not to train students to take on institutions; it is to help them adjust themselves to the Eternal."

We teach away from our subject. We show its applications to other subjects—in other fields; and in every case we are consciously guiding individuals. That we must stress the differences among freshmen rather than their likenesses is patent. It is through the individual's control of his intellectual equipment that he will make greatest gains—as it grows, his social control grows. Power becomes "a bright sword in his hand and not a poison in his heart."

Since education should be fundamentally moral, and since it is at Catholic colleges that such training can best be given, the orientation course should include provision for religious training—unless that phase of education is competently cared for by a department of religion. In that case, again, we link our teaching with Truth—easily accomplished by drawing upon Catholic magazines for the amplification of lectures and for background for discussion. As samples I list the first references I see: pamphlets from the Paulist Press ("The Testimony of His-

tory for the Roman Catholic Church"), and articles from the *Catholic World* ("The Material Mission of the Church," 28:659-671), from Our Sunday Visitor Press ("The Syllabus of Errors of Pope Pius IX"), *Our Sunday Visitor* itself (The Feast of Christ Our King, October 31, 1926), articles from AMERICA ("Can the Newspaper be Purified?" 37:13), the *Catholic Mind* ("Faults in the Bed-Rock"), articles from the *Catholic Quarterly Review* ("The Relativity of Political Economy," 21:17-26), from the *Month* ("A Christian Method in Political Economy" 50:108-117), from the *Commonweal* (Schwertner, "Aquinas on the Stage," 1:287)—Commonweal Pamphlets (Carlton Hayes' "Obligations to America")—from *Central-Blatt and Social Justice* ("Obligatory Unemployment Insurance," 19:333 f.), from the *Ecclesiastical Review* ("The Church and Modern Democracy," 73:124-133), from the *Catholic Educational Review* ("Undergraduate Teaching of Sociology," 17:193), from the *Magnificat* ("The Spirit of Mother McAuley," 39:155), the *Sign* ("Punishment and Reparation" 6:391), the *Dublin Review* ("Science and Philosophy at Louvain," 62:27-52), *Studies*, ("The Catholic Ideal of Church Music," 14:437-50), the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* ("The Catholic Revival of Northern Europe," 61:139), the Catholic Truth Society (Belloc's "An Examination of Socialism"), the International C. T. S. (Bampfield's "Mixed Marriages"), the Australian C. T. S. (Dowling's "Race Suicide"), and the *Irish Messenger* Series (Finlay's "The Decree 'Ne Temere'").

This introduction makes specific what a student might expect from a course in orientation. The main body of the text falls naturally into two sections: orientation in methods and orientation in the history of culture. In connection with the latter L. P. Jacks (*Yale Review*, 10: 52ff.) improves on Matthew Arnold. "To know the best that has been thought and said is certainly good; but to be engaged in actions and achievements which prompt those who behold them to profounder thinking and a more beautiful utterance is far better." Further quotation is pertinent: "So long as the majority of mankind are engaged in work that is not worthy of them, so long as they are doing worthy work in an unworthy manner, education will be defeated, and the excellence of man will not appear."

Orientation in methods includes the following chapters in this order: how to make a discussion, who should go to college, how to listen effectively, what is a university for, how to read creatively, how to evoke your personality, how to diagnose your study difficulties, how to evaluate, how to use the library, why form habits, how to make records, how to motivate your work, how to trace casual relations, how to consider hypotheses, and how to select a vocation. The work in class is principally oral; and for the most part the chapters offer both theory and application, that is, discussion of the material in the second affords opportunity for applying the ideas offered in the first—in fact, throughout, the application of the ideas is cumulative. The actual grading of each report or reading and preparation of the material in the text, the enforcement of regularity of attendance, the insistence that each

student contribute to the discussions—all that pertains to the executive phase of putting into application ideas gained from the training the course offers—should be discussed; but the limits of this article forbid such a discussion at this time.

Our survey of the history of culture begins with the roots of our culture—Hebraic and Hellenic. Then follow: What did Rome add to Greek culture? How did Christianity revive and transform culture? What cultural items come from the Middle Ages? How did the fine arts become secularized? How did modern science attain its ascendancy? What conditions brought the social sciences into being? How did the democratic revolution develop public education and journalism? and What is the nature of the renaissance of Catholic culture?

There are many side trips in such a grand tour; for instance, to encourage in young men the growth of charity and unselfishness, their attention may be called to such practical opportunities as the signing of Adoration Lists to insure adorers each half-hour on the First Friday, and even to so mechanical a task as addressing and stuffing envelopes and mailing Surveys. One student who asked whether you got class credit for such work learned that it revealed an ability to adjust himself to environment—an essential quality in his professional life.

Economics

Has the Stock Market Gone Too Far?

HAROLD AVERY

SPECULATION on the Stock Exchange this year has been on such a tremendous and unprecedented scale that all ordinary landmarks have been lost sight of long since. Before this nation-wide speculation in securities got under way, the Stock Exchange authorities were shrewd enough to suspect such a possibility, and made provision early in the year for a material speeding up of stock-ticker quotations by shortening the symbols used for reporting sales on the tape. Since then stocks have been switched back and forth at such a furious pace that the ticker has almost kept pace.

The interest in stocks is greater than ever and advancing prices have attracted new buyers. Many stocks that sold well below 100 not more than two years ago are now well over the 200 mark. Despite veiled warnings from the Federal Reserve Bank the race continues, and ten or fifteen points gain in a single stock in one day's trading is no longer an item of news. Plain ordinary clerks in Wall Street have made five or six thousand dollars; some others have made as much as \$50,000 playing the market. Bankers, professional men, women, boot-leggers, business executives and what not, have been dabbling in stocks. A newspaper reports that a certain merchandising stock has made a new batch of millionaires. This is not far from the truth.

But the most amazing features of this whole stock-market spectacle is the fact that it is proceeding in the face of high money rates. Those who are interested in the price of securities—and their name is legion—are ac-

customed to look for signs of warning. A primary sign is an advance in money rates. So far this year a high money rate has been ignored, and it is a brand new phenomenon. There are plenty of authorities who do not believe that the present price for money reflects a true money stringency, and some of these are bankers.

Looking at some of the other primary markets of the world we find the following: in Paris the call money rate is only 2½ per cent, against a similar rate here in New York of 7 to 8 per cent—and this in the face of the fact that the gold reserve of France is only a fraction of our own. Rates for money in other European centers are well below the rate prevailing in this country, and bankers abroad admittedly are watching with close interest the momentous struggle going on here in New York between the governing money authorities and the public.

Certainly, if our artificially created high money rate does not induce extensive stock liquidation, and thus free money now tied up in stocks, it will produce an inevitable but unlooked-for result of drawing money to Wall Street from foreign centers. A large Wall Street brokerage house reports that it had received a cable from a foreign correspondent with an offer to loan \$500,000.00 in the call money market at 7½ per cent. This is not a large sum of money as Wall Street goes, but it is only one offer. It must be quite apparent that high money rates here sustained for any long period of time will ultimately draw funds from all over the world, just as 22c sugar in 1921 drew supplies, since it was a profitable venture, from as far away as Java; and even made it worth while for Japan to reship to this market sugar that been purchased here on contract at a lower price. If speculation has run riot, a high domestic rate for money cannot end it now.

In a recent bulletin issued by Barclay's Bank, one of the larger banking institutions of Great Britain, the opinion was ventured that action should have been taken earlier to prevent such speculation as has been witnessed in the past year. London views our stock market with amazement and wonders how the Fall trade, and crops and business can be financed without some contraction on the Stock Exchange. As far as Wall Street is concerned, the tape and chart readers say that prices are never so secure and profits never so certain as when the trend is definitely up. When this is true, the apprehension over the cost of money is non-existent, and no artificially created money stringency can produce a fear great enough either to dissuade new buyers or shake present stock holders lose from their holdings.

The grave danger in the present situation will arise when stocks have been passed out to the horde of new inexperienced buyers who are coming into the market each day. Until this distribution is complete, until the process of passing stocks at high prices from strong hands to weak is a finished job, there is not the slightest chance that any drive at Wall Street, whether through a money-scare rumor, or otherwise, will prove successful. When those ill suited to carry stocks are loaded to the gunwales, having neither the experience, temperament nor financial resources to carry them, then the question can be answered that the stock market has gone too far.

With Scrip and Staff

TOLSTOY has always been interesting as a man who tried to be a saint without knowing how. If he had known how, I think he would have succeeded,—supposing God on His part sent the flame down upon the altar. He had the saint's ingredients. He absolutely wanted perfection, and tried to follow Christ literally. He overhauled his conscience, tried to detest sin, and all things that he thought would harbor sin. He practised an asceticism of his own concoction. His will was as tough as his frame: his perseverance as strong as his imagination. He made a stab at being humble.

If nothing else, Tolstoy's faith in man, love for the poor, and love for children, would have helped him to be a saint. The child stories that he wrote for his experimental village school are perfect in their way. Lecturing at the recent centennial celebration held in honor of Tolstoy in New York, Count Ilya Tolstoy, his son, chose his father's power of affection as the chief mark of his nature. Reviewing his father's literary works, he showed the peculiar love that the author felt for all the characters that he created, especially in the first period of his life. No matter what faults they might possess or what part they might play, he found it hard not to make them attractive. Count Ilya told the following curious item:

In the original manuscript of the story "Hadji Murat," there was a chapter in which he described a reception at the court of the Czar Nicholas I. With his usual mastery he vividly characterized the emptiness of court life and the repellent personality of Nicholas I. Later on, when he came to revise the story, he deleted many of the characteristic traits that he had given to Nicholas. I asked him why he had done so. He replied: "I cannot bring myself to love him, and I cannot write about a person whom I do not love." In point of fact, if you follow the productions of Tolstoy from start to finish, you will find only that number of unpleasant types that he was obliged to bring in for the sake of artistic truth. These types, however, play only a secondary part and serve only as a background to set off his heroes.

Recalling his childhood, Tolstoy's son mentioned that his father, despite his intense love for his own children, showed them practically no signs of affection, and inflicted on them a Spartan physical education. Yet they loved the memory of their home, and their association with their father.

THAT Tolstoy's faith became confused, was inevitable from his contact with the Orthodox Church as he found it. As he rejected the Sacraments, and had no guidance for his inner life, it is inevitable that bodily passions seemed to him almost unconquerable: that he lived all his life in a sort of terror of their fascination, so that he took refuge in a sort of Puritanism. And that Puritanism should have the mildly intoxicating effect on him that it has on most of its devotees was also natural enough. It was the best he could get as a substitute for the sanctity which was not destined to be his.

His American friendships show his longing for an ideal, for that "life according to our God-given conscience and nature" that he preached of: William Ellery

Channing, Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Ballou, Emerson, Thoreau, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry George, etc. Great and gifted as these thinkers and prophets were, they could not give proportionately to Tolstoy's demand. A strong spirit hungered for bread and meat. Whatever they derived of their own ideas for themselves, for him it could afford little more than, well—breakfast food. And then Walt Whitman slipped into his gallery: "Lord, what life!" cried Tolstoy the unregenerate; "Lord, what movement!" But in later years, he condemned Whitman for not having a "definite philosophical concept of life." Poor Walt! And poor Tolstoy!

THE wonder of the saints is the infinite variety of human nature, struggling towards one ideal, under an infinite variety of circumstances. Recent studies, like that of Father Martindale, have helped to lift the veil a little on the human side of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. How curious would be a comparison between Gonzaga and Tolstoy: both young noblemen, world-renouncers, God-seekers, rude ascetics. . . .

It is casual the side-lights, rather than the spot-lights, that reveal the human element in man. Such a casual insight was given recently by an analysis of St. Aloysius' handwriting. Father Gächter, of Innsbruck, sent a number of specimens, photographed from Aloysius' letters at different (typical) periods of his life, to the famous Swiss handwriting expert, Dr. F. Buomberger. No clue was given to the writer's identity, except merely that he was an Italian young man, of a certain historical epoch. Unpleasant, rather than agreeable, reactions, were asked for.

The results were startling. Without guessing the writer's person, the expert touched off, in his report, the known characteristics of Aloysius' personality corresponding to each life period, and his development at the time. I quote at random a few of them, from an interesting discussion in the *Week*, for August 11.

(At the age of 13:) There seems to have been a good deal of enthusiasm and elan about this character, though not in the sense of his being easily swept off his feet, or not knowing where to stop. . . .

(At the age of 19:) The writing of a youth of about twenty years. It seems almost incredible that this letter and the preceding should have been written by the same young man. Either the character has undergone enormous changes, or else his surroundings, or possibly his own state of health, has altered greatly. . . . Despite the interior conflicts which still linger. . . . the writing points to a growing optimism. . . . He is sparing of his words . . . and yet this young man is now very open-hearted, and, should he once decide to speak, is certainly not one to lose time about coming to the point.

(Written during his studies:) The altruistic traits have increased, and become more delicate and subtle. Painstakingness and devotion to duty are first-class. The tendency to exaggerate has disappeared, and in its stead a power of speculative, abstract thinking has undergone a marked increase. Contentment and a readiness to be pleased appear here, in contrast to II [the first mentioned letter].

The entire analysis should be read, however, to do it justice. The analyst was quite shocked when he was later informed that he had been criticizing a saint.

YET, difficult as it is for the scholar to unravel the traits of Aloysius' character, it is remarkable how world-wide is its appeal. If that character were not human, with a strong bond of kinship with human young men everywhere, it would not have called forth the spontaneous demonstrations that were shown from practically every country in the world in 1926 at the Aloysian Tercentennial. I say "spontaneous" advisedly, for though enthusiasm can be roused by skilful leaders to a certain extent, for a person or a cause not of itself apt to inspire; in this case, the spontaneity, the intense conviction of these groups of young men, most notably our own American college boys, such as the memorable pilgrims from the Pacific Coast, showed that Aloysius and his ideals meant something for them that was entirely their own.

Again, as a "side-light," in the great memorial volume of young men's signatures that was presented to the Holy Father, he was particularly impressed by the names of the little newsboys of Dublin, written with shaky hands in lead pencil, to show that they, too, had grasped what Aloysius meant, and looked on him as their patron.

GLANCING at three new saints, who have come to light in the last few months, or year—all of them our contemporaries—one sees the utmost contrast as to the human element.

Compare the fiery son of the Gonzaga with the placid Brother Conrad of Parzham, who was declared Venerable by the Holy See on August 15 of this year. Conrad was a German, who, after a youth of great simplicity and holiness in his father's home, became a Capuchin lay brother, was made porter of the Capuchin convent, at Altoetting in Bavaria, and stuck at the job for forty years. On April 18, 1894, when he was over seventy years old, and felt completely exhausted, he came to his Superior's cell, and said to him: "Father Guardian, it's all up" Conrad turned in the keys to the Father Guardian, and died three days later.

Simplicity has few annals; and so there will be few about Brother Conrad. But that little is worth volumes.

"Margaret Sinclair," as Father Condon, in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, says in his review of her life by F. A. Forbes, "was, and she was not, a modern city working girl." She liked games, and swimming, and whist, boating, museums and "nice" clothes. She had the ordinary trials of a working girl. She practised and became holy by, our ordinary devotions, and daily Communion. To quote his characterization:

Her message to the modern girl is this: it is *easy* to be good, just *pray*. She found happiness in her goodness. She was comical and full of fun. Her life was one of plain Catholicism, simplicity, cheerfulness, exquisite thoughtfulness, and good manners. Of this genuine Catholic life contemplation proved the normal outcome. She died in the odor of sanctity, and the work of bringing about her beatification is well under way.

Guy de Fontgalland died in 1925, at the age of eleven. He was a saint too, and told his mother: "Mamma, when I am dead, you will be proud of me." There are two things that will militate against poor little Guy in the

United States. They are (1) his name; and (2) that he was French, plus boy, plus saint. There is something in the combination that puts an American boy on the defensive.

Yet Guy, though a real saint, was apparently a regular boy, in the French way, it is true: but what else could you expect of him? His biography has had 100,000 copies, and his mother received thousands of letters. He was a sort of little brother of the Little Flower: no unusual penances or marvels. He was pious and generous; then he was disobedient, impatient and negligent, not at all a model boy; then he despised himself for being that way, and decided he would straighten himself out. His first ambition was to be a locomotive engineer or a fireman; then to run a printing press, "so as to make all that machinery go round." As for being a saint, it never occurred to Guy as a separate job; but he went ahead and did the things in a few months, as a boy, that other men boggle about for a lifetime. And like all other saints, especially in modern times, the Holy Eucharist put the seal on his own efforts.

AFTER all, through scoffing you will never get at the truth. There was considerable scoffing at the explorers Mariano and Zappi; yet the thoughtful man will pause when he hears how those poor fellows blessed the unfortunate Dr. Malmgren, when they were compelled to leave him on the ice, and begged him, a Protestant, to make an act of resignation to the will of God; or how they ate their last biscuit in the form of a viaticum, and recited each day the prayers from the little book of May devotions that they had brought along with them. (Although it was the month of June, this was the best they could do.) Nor will he fail to note how Dr. Behounek, the Czech member of the party, brought back with him as a gift from Father Gianfranceschi, chaplain of the expedition, a cross for his fiancée, and that it was the same Dr. Behounek, who, when clear of the expedition, without further obligations towards it, without discussing mistakes that might or might not have been committed in other respects, told the plain truth, and cleared the memory of brave men of charges that had been preferred against them. It is often the small things, in the lives of saints or the lives of otherwise ordinary men, which add most notably to the world's record of heroism.

THE PILGRIM.

AT A SKYSCRAPER WINDOW

Watching the narrow streets below,
Glitter of rail and dwarf-like men,
We marveled at the magnitude,
The grandeur of our world; and then
A butterfly came drifting past—
An iridescent autumn leaf
Just off the golden trees of heaven. . . .
Oh miracle of life so brief!

Oh fragile wings that brave the air
Above the streets so fearlessly!
Though we can rear a tower like this
You still are mightier than we!

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

Literature

Gerard Manley Hopkins

GERALD F. LAHEY, S.J.

THE poems of Gerard Hopkins, so long hidden, by their publication in 1918 elicited not a few articles by interested and interesting literateurs, almost all of whom have mingled reproachful glances at the Poet Laureate for his tardiness in publishing, with exclamations of wonder and genuine admiration for Hopkins' poetry.

Having but little material at their disposal as to chronological and, above all, historical data, their chagrin and their esteem has not saved them from many, if small, mistakes. It is this which has tempted the present writer, perhaps before his most opportune time, to speak; for he has grown to love the age-old shrines that Gerard used to haunt years ago in his Oxford "branchy between towers"; to love talking with Hopkins' pupils and silver-haired contemporaries; what is much more, quietly to spend the long winter evenings reverently reading the many manuscripts in the poet's graceful handwriting, filled with his poetry and his poetic prose, his aspirations and his ideals. Gerard Hopkins has not only the brilliance of a genius but also that delicate refinement of a soul perfectly attuned to the slightest undulations of beauty, so that he who would study his works might apply to himself what Hopkins' old tutor, Walter Pater, said of the Church's Liturgy: "after the beholding of it, he could never again be altogether as he had been before."

Born in 1844, at Stratford in Essex, he received his early education at the Cholmeley Grammar School at Highgate, being then a High Churchman of the Moderate School. From his earliest childhood he showed great talent for drawing, and after reading the then recent discoveries of Layard, his imagination was stirred so that he never ceased drawing and painting subjects suggested by them. He showed great interest for art and architecture and had an inherent passion for music, which, being allowed to be neglected, never resulted in any worthy production, though undoubtedly it did help to form his exquisite sense of rhythm and meter. He went to Oxford and despite the religious upheavals of conversion to the Church, took a first class in Classics. Newman had written him: ". . . your first duty is to make a good class. Show your friends at home that your becoming a Catholic has not unsettled you in the plain duty that lies before you."

He taught at the Oratory for several months, and then entered the Society of Jesus in 1868. In 1884, he was appointed to a fellowship in the Royal University of Dublin, where he died five years later. He was buried in the burial ground of the Society at Glasnevin. One of his contemporaries writes: "He came to Dublin from Stonyhurst in 1884, on his appointment to a fellowship in the Royal University. I have heard from Lord Emly, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, that the recom-mendatory letters presented when he sought election, spoke so highly of his character and attainments (espe-cially one from Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, in

praise of his scholarship), as to make the Senate most anxious to obtain his services; and Lord Emly at the same time expressed—what is the universal feeling among that body—the loss the University has sustained by his death."

It should be noted that even from the first, Hopkins stood apart from his fellows in intellectual ability (he won prizes at school and two scholarships for Oxford!), that he was, all his life, a highly original and independent thinker. If he became a fast friend of Newman, it was because he recognized in the older convert more of a kindred spirit than a far-distant leader. His intellect had brought him to the portals of the Church many months before he wrote to Newman, and he was received into the Church about a month after he had first spoken with him.

If he was a pupil of Pater, as that great critic was then just beginning his own fellowship and as he proceeded M.A. only the year before Hopkins left Oxford, it is probable that the master was still too young and reticent to mould his gifted pupil. Though there is scarcely any mention of Pater in Hopkin's notes, yet—"his *amor unus!*"—he wrote for his tutor a long Platonic Dialogue on the Origin of Beauty. His treatment of it tended to be more psychological than metaphysical, but it is none the less interesting for that. Then again even Jowett with his seductive liberalism failed to have any permanent influence on his young pupil. Liddon and Pusey, when they discovered that his conversion was imminent, failed to make Hopkins deviate from the path his subtle reasoning had pointed out. He never swerved or faltered, though indeed he felt the wrench, till he laid his mind and heart at the feet of Christ in His Church. He had really hewn out his own destiny and it is tribute sufficient to note that his ability, ideals, and purpose, were proof against the direct influence and even entreaties of the intellectual aristocracy of Oxford at that time.

That the published details of his life and poetry have awakened genuine interest, is quite certain; that these details are in wrong perspective is also quite certain. It would seem from the tenor of most articles on Hopkins, that his admirers, unconsciously or no, have been biased by Bridges' necessarily distorted view of his life and religious ideals. True it is that Hopkins undoubtedly entered the "dark night" like Teresa and John of Carmel, but the shadow of the Cross did not leave him the lugubrious and desperate spirit that some would seem to imagine him. If the "cliffs of his mind" were frightful and no-man-fathomed, if they yawned downwards into Golgotha, they also yearned upwards and embraced Tabor....

I whirled out wings that spell

And fled with a fling of the heart to the heart of the Host.

When he first became really conscious of the master-poet stirring within him, and when he released his lips from their self-imposed incarceration, he sang in "The Wreck of the Deutschland" as a giant about to run his course, with notes of tremendous majestic exultation at the watchfulness and nearness of God. This thought runs through the whole of his life and poetry like the

theme in a beautiful symphony, and brings with it the peace so many have failed to discern in him. . . .

. . . the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Even in his darkest moments he can see the smile of God. Towards the end of his life he wrote a prayer-poem whose simplicity, in word and meter contrasts strongly with the cryptic economy he usually uses; a verse from it will illustrate the point we have been urging:

Thee, God, I come from, to Thee I go,
All day long I like fountain flow
From thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

To multiply further instances would be easy and pleasant, but let these suffice. His published and unpublished works are ever pregnant with the subtlest rhythm and music, they are unusually striking in their masterly choice of words, and filled with the highest nobility of thought. Like Pater, however, he wrote comparatively little, but unlike Pater he died wedded to reality while his pagan tutor was still embracing shadows.

REVIEWS

Unpopular Essays in the Philosophy of History. By MOORHOUSE F. X. MILLAR, S.J. New York: Fordham University Press. \$2.50.

In the foreword which Dr. John A. Ryan writes to this volume its content is fairly well summed up. He says that the papers "constitute an historical and critical discussion of the most fundamental doctrines and principles that have affected and still affect human society and human life." The essays are almost all gathered from Father Millar's writings in the *Catholic World* and *AMERICA*, yet, though they cover such diverse topics as the non-Catholic historical attitude toward the Middle Ages and a critique of Browning as a thinker, there is a close connection in their subject-matter. Mainly, Father Millar is concerned with uncovering and breaking down the Protestant traditions which have "misrepresented not merely the religious facts concerning the Reformation and the Catholic Church, but have distorted or suppressed Catholic achievements in the fields of philosophy, politics, science, and education." The author is thoroughly familiar with the topics that he discusses and there is nothing superficial at any stage of their treatment: in fact, there are passages that the average reader may find too deeply metaphysical. Though entitled "unpopular," the essays can only be so with those who are unwilling to see the light and acknowledge that not all prevailing traditions regarding Catholicism and the Church are historically sound. The volume makes an added appeal because of its attractive makeup which is all that the keenly critical bibliophile might demand.

W. I. L.

Social Progress. By JOYCE O. HERTZLER. New York: The Century Company. \$4.00.

The purpose of this book is to give a theoretical survey and analysis of social progress. Between the covers of a sizable volume, Professor Hertzler has condensed a universal treatise of social ends and values, and all the various agents that promote or retard their realization. From the very outset the author displays unexpected flashes of prejudice or ignorance that augur poorly for what is to come. It is disconcerting to hear the fall of man referred to as a legend, creation classed as a myth, the "rib story" of Eve scoffed at as a delusion. A theory of social progress that ignores the fundamental fact of man's fallen nature is built on shifting sand. According to Dr. Hertzler, "the Protestant Reformation served to free men's minds, in a measure at least, from the oppression of medieval Catholic thought." But despite these and similar serious aberrations, the author has much to offer that

is sound and constructive when he treats of the agents of progress. He stresses the paramount importance of the family, defends monogamous marriage, reprobates the evils of divorce, and warns against the perverted apostles of sex freedom. He stands for a living family wage, a more equal distribution of wealth, and the protection of the child and woman laborer. Unfortunately, however, Dr. Hertzler quickly descends from these high levels to advocate judicious birth control, the sterilization of degenerates, and a system of federalized education. One is spared the unpleasant duty of concluding that his morality is somewhat vacillating, for he states that all moral codes are relative and vary with time and place. He is opposed to organized religion and summarizes his attitude by professing that fixed dogmas, creeds, and theologies, insistence upon eternal truths and supernaturally revealed ways of life and after-life, destroy the spirit of religion and become obstacles to progress. In their place he offers an emasculated, diluted substitute that at best gives "cosmic peace" and makes man "one with the spirit of the universe." With a dogmatism that smacks of inconsistency, he weaves into the warp and woof of his book the doctrine of materialistic evolution.

L. J. R.

Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant. By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$4.00.

The experts tell us that history is now an exact science. If one wishes to have his statements receive any degree of authority he must give specific detail of his source material. The author of this story of one of the very picturesque personages in the early days of the colony of New York, we are told, "found it necessary to go to Holland for much of his material." If he discovered any new data it is not so indicated, and what he does with both new and old follows along the lines of the Sunday supplement "feature" rather than the canonical limitations of the "critical" recorder of the abstract chronicles of the times and the men who made them interesting. As an example, where he describes the atmosphere of religious toleration that then prevailed in Nieuw Amsterdam he says:

Even Papists could descend upon this Calvinistic stronghold and could live to tell a tale of a fairly cordial welcome. Most of these Roman visitors were Jesuit fathers who used the City of Nieuw Amsterdam as a port of arrival or departure for the Indian territory at the sources of the Hudson.

This certainly is a novel picture. It hardly conforms to the facts in the "Relations" of Jogues, Bressani and Le Moyne as to the comings and goings of the early missionaries. However, in spite of the transgressions in regard to "critical" regulations, the reader will find it an entertaining account of Pieter of the wooden leg, the last representative of the States General in the colony that is now the wonder aggregation of the modern world.

T. F. M.

Cardinal Mercier. By MSGR. A. LAVEILLE. New York: The Century Company. \$2.50.

Few men have enjoyed the almost universal esteem that has been shown to Cardinal Mercier. His name has been spoken with affection and gratitude in many lands and it is now whispered with reverence. His memory will be preserved not only as the patriot-prelate of Belgium, but also as a scholar and a great ecclesiastic. This present biography, brought to the prelate's American admirers by the translation of Arthur Livingston, gives a true picture of the man, the philosopher, the priest, the hero. It is more than a sympathetic narrative; it is glowing with an enthusiasm so ardent that, unfortunately, it seems even to anticipate without apology the decision of the Church and places a halo over the bowed head of the great churchman. The author is concerned chiefly with Cardinal Mercier's work at Louvain, his activity as Archbishop of Malines and his crowning achievements at the time of the occupation of Belgium during the World War. The difficulties and misunderstandings which attended the foundation of the School of Scholastic Philosophy at Louvain; the beginnings and progress of the *Revue Néo-scholastique*, the energy

and zeal in his pastoral work, in retreats and lectures to the clergy; the kindness, sympathy and sacrifice in dealing with his fellow men; the simple wisdom and magnificent courage which he showed in the face of invaders: all mark the great Cardinal as a rare and noble figure. One does not complain so much at the over emphasis which is at times given to these various phases of a rich career as at the lack of proportion in the treatment of his efforts at conciliation in the famous Malines Conversations. In this matter, which occupies the more immediate attention of his friends, the Cardinal's position and motives should have been clearly and unmistakably set forth. His enduring friendship for Lord Halifax and his unfeigned zeal for the union of Christendom give an edifying vision of the great heart of the beloved of many lands.

J. G.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Pedagogical Themes.—While one may be a bit sceptical about some of the theories enunciated by Edward L. Thorndike in "Adult Learning" (Macmillan. \$3.00), at least those who are interested in the problem of the capacity of grown folks readily to learn will find the volume informative and certainly encouraging. While it naturally contains a good deal of technical material on which Professor Thorndike's conclusions and recommendations are based, its purpose is to report facts concerning changes in the amount and in the nature of ability to learn from about age fifteen to age forty-five. It is the author's conclusion that in general nobody under forty-five should be deterred from attempting to learn anything solely because of a belief or fear that he is too old to be able to acquire it. Nor should he use that fear as an excuse for not attempting anything that he ought to learn. If he fails to get certain specific knowledge, inability due directly to age will rarely, if ever, be the reason. The chapter summarizing the practical applications of his theory is especially significant.

In the field of education tests and measurements have come to be treated as a separate and distinct entity. In "Tests and Measurements" (Silver, Burdett), Henry Lester Smith and Wendell William Wright attempt to bring together the objectives of the teaching of a particular subject, and the measurement of the results of this teaching, insofar as these latter can be measured, in the achievement of pupils. Teachers attempting to use the standard tests to diagnose the difficulties of their pupils and to suggest remedial measures will find in the volume much useful information for their guidance. The volume also essays to set up a method of evaluating tests, and to elucidate the principles underlying the construction and use of objective or new type examinations. Concrete illustrations show the practical applications of the authors' recommendations.

A somewhat one-sided presentation of the history of secondary education makes up the first four chapters of "The High School" (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50), by Walter S. Monroe and Oscar F. Weber. The remaining sections on the curriculum, the organization and administrative problems are written for prospective high-school teachers who are sometimes obliged to accept on faith the superiority of modern methods and objectives.

The "Catholic Mind."—October, the month of the Holy Rosary, emphasizes the intercessory power of our Blessed Mother. There is therefore, a special appropriateness in the selections of the *Catholic Mind* in its issue for October 8. The first article "Hail Full of Grace" by H. J. Jones, O. P., weaves into the history of the Holy Rosary a clear exposition of this natural, simple and efficacious devotion. "Assumpta Est Maria" studies the liturgy for the feast of Our Lady's Assumption. The Very Rev. Prior S. M. Hogan, O.P., shows that in the official prayers of the Church in the Mass of this feast, it is Our Lady's intercession which is their salient feature instead of her personal glory and triumph. "Maryland's Men of Ideals," a sermon preached by the Rev. John LaFarge at St. Ignatius Church, on St. Thomas Manor, Maryland, gives a survey of a century in which there is evidence of the power of prayer to mould and foster men of high ideals.

Wonder Books for Minims.—So well established is the position of Mary and Margaret Baker in the American nursery that a new volume under their names is immediately suggestive of a delightful prose tale enhanced by a series of charming silhouettes. "The Water Elf and the Miller's Child" (Duffield. \$2.00), is no exception. From the "once upon a time" to the "they all lived together at the mill and were as happy as the day is long," there is no dull passage in the book. Little ones will be keyed-up by the visits of the Wise Woman to the lonely miller, and the tricks of the young water elf until his transformation, when the miller's child came into his life.

Goblins, and elves, and dragons, and all the other familiar inhabitants of Fairyland are introduced into the enchanting adventure of "The Golden Prince" (Duffield. \$2.00), by Dorothy Joos. When its little heroine strays to the weird land of the witch folk it hardly seems that she will ever return home. However, romance knows no obstacles. Eventually, thanks to the Golden Prince, she became a princess in Fairyland. Rhea Wells illustrates the volume.

Alice Crew Gall and Fleming H. Crew have contrived a fine nature story for boys and girls in "The Adventures of Toby Spaniel" (Duffield. \$2.00). This young canine undertook to go to sea, though his exciting adventures soon made him long to return to Papa and Mama Spaniel. Abroad the Methusela he met Skipper Beaver, and Muskrat, and Chug the Frog, and Mrs. Rabbitt, and Emily Duck, and others. Together they suffered shipwreck and fell among pirates and were stranded on a desert island. Here Toby met his long lost uncle, Jonah, and thanks to the strategy of Chug was able safely to reach the family home-stead.

Little girls from the ages of six to ten will be thrilled with the story of the orphan who makes a long journey to find uncle Dan, her bachelor relative, busy in his far away toy shop, and who brings joy and sunshine into his lonely life. Rebecca Rice sketches the tale in "Carolina's Toy Shop" (L. C. Page. \$1.75).

No end of attractive playthings can be made by little folks who follow the simple directions in "The Make-It Book" (Rand McNally. \$1.00). Rachel T. Dixon and Marjorie Hartwell, the authors, have given a cure for rainy day restlessness. "The Play-It Book" (Rand McNally. \$1.00), by Jean Hosford Fretwell, is brim full of interesting games for every occasion and all kinds of weather. The ceaseless energy of youth is here directed to play that develops both mind and muscle.

With the Poets.—Another of the company of AMERICA poets has published a book of his verse. The author of "The Lane of the Thrushes," etc., Cathal O'Bryne has collected his recent work from the pages of the many magazines in which it appeared into a tasty little volume "The Grey Feet of the Wind" (Chicago: The Ard Ree Press. \$1.75). It may be due to familiarity with them, or it may be because of a wholly subjective sympathy with them, but this reviewer feels that the poems which originally appeared in these columns are among the best in the volume. Mr. O'Byrne is a singer of sweet melodies, a master of rhythms and harmonies in the Gaelic mode, and also in the Gaelic tradition in his romantic imagination and his keen sense of the beauty of nature. He is best in his Irish liltts and ballads. But his lyrics and his inspirational pieces are well conceived and more than competently expressed.

From among 650 titles in eleven volumes, John L. Lowes has garnered some seventy pieces for inclusion in "Selected Poems of Amy Lowell" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$3.00). These poems, in the mind of the editor, are distinctive of Miss Lowell's power and are characteristic of her verse-forms. They are grouped roughly according to their kinship one with the other. Mr. Lowes has succeeded well and has, in fact, conferred a favor on Miss Lowell. For her ability shows stronger when the weaker poems are excluded. Amy Lowell was a poet of true inspiration, a poet with freshness of imagination, with vitality, with sharp-focused vision, with a sense of the beautiful. But she throttled herself by her philosophy of life and she watered her wine by the ex-

perimentations in free-verse and polyphonic prose and imagism.

An editor who simply styles himself "Anglican" has published a beautifully appearing edition of Cardinal Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius" (Longmans, Green. \$3.00), arranged with concordance and chronicle. The chronicle consists of a minutely printed list of important dates in the life of the Cardinal. The concordance catalogs every word that occurs in the poem. The text is in large print, spread lavishly over the pages, with not many lines on any one page and few lines on many pages. The arrangement and the publication of the poem are evidently the work of love towards the Cardinal. May that love be fruitful of further communion with him on the part of the editor.

Patristic Studies.—Students of the Greek and Latin Fathers are under an increasing debt of gratitude to Dr. Roy J. Deferrari for the splendid series of patristic studies which candidates for doctorates at the Catholic University, Washington, are writing under his inspiration and able direction. The 1928 publications include the dissertation of Sister James Aloysius Stein of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, of the Greek "Encomium of St. Gregory of His Brother St. Basil," and that of Sister Mary Simplica Kaniecka of the Felician Sisters, O.S.F., entitled "Vita Sancti Ambrosii a Paulino Eius Notario" (Brookland, D. C.: Catholic Education Press. \$3.00 each). Both proceed along similar lines, revising and commenting upon the text and offering a translation of the respective documents; the one from the Greek, the other from the Latin original. They should interest classical scholars as well as students of Church history and patristic studies. Occasionally the translations read a bit harshly; this, however, is to be attributed to the desire of the authors to attain accuracy, for which fluency had occasionally to be sacrificed.

The account of the life of St. John Chrysostom, written about the beginning of the fifth century by his friend and admirer, Palladius, is usually considered the best authority for the facts of the life of the great Archbishop of Constantinople, especially during his archiepiscopal term. P. R. Coleman-Norton offers in "Palladii Dialogus de Vita S. Joannis Chrysostomi" (Macmillan), a revised Greek text along with a number of scholarly and informative notes to aid to its better understanding and interpretation. The text is preceded by a valuable introduction, while three brief appendices throw useful light on its reading. The editor is not without justification for his claim that though his text is perhaps "more uncouth, abrupt, and awkward" than others that are extant, it is apparently a truer text, since the smoothness of many of the others depends on corrections interpolated at the expense of the originality of the document.

Records of Service.—An interesting account of his experiences on the baseball diamond is given in "Babe Ruth's Own Book of Baseball" (Putnam. \$2.50). Of course George Herman Ruth knows the great players as well as he knows the game, so he speaks with authority. He sketches his own career from the sand lot, the Brothers' school, to his professional debut with the Baltimore club and onward. He shows gratitude to the good friends who helped him, and, though he has his own opinions, he never carps or "knocks." The language, of course, is the jargon of baseball and the slang of the mob, but it is picturesque and unoffensive. The record has more "inside" baseball than has ever before been presented in one volume.

Another record of service in the world of sports is vividly portrayed by Sverre O. Braathen in his appreciation of "Ty Cobb: The Idol of Baseball Fandom" (Avondale Press. \$2.50). From the days when "Ty" played ball with the lads in his Georgia home, through his early struggle to establish himself as a big-leaguer, on through the twenty-three years in which he has made baseball history and changed traditions of the game, the fascinating story of a true sportsman, with all the best connotations of that term, is unfolded. But this volume in addition to the history of the man, gives the history of the game and a wealth of comparative data to delight the heart of any fan.

The Axe. Who Killed Gregory? The Secret Brotherhood. The Tree of Knowledge. The Battle of the Horizons. The Rogue's Moon.

Although opinions will differ as to the wisdom of wedging sagaciousness to modern soul-showing, Sigrid Undset knows life, suffering and struggle. "The Axe" (Knopf. \$3.00) is the mature work of a mind that has fought its way through darkness to the light of Faith. She scratches and scrapes life to the bone. It is like being out on the fjord in a little Viking dory on a cold, blue autumn day. There is the stocky, dreamy boy and there also the pulpy girl, just as they grew up in those drastic Old Norse families. With all their gobs of paganism, and gruesome flesh-carving of enemies, and languishing of Lady Ingebjörn in the outhouse and all kinds of ramping and foraying, the Catholic religion has got into them, the Divine Fisherman has hooked them; and, though it gives them terrific pangs, they somehow manage to get hauled out upon the shore of penance and Christ-following.

There is plenty of action in "Who Killed Gregory?" (Stokes. \$2.00), and more than one subsidiary problem needs solution in conjunction with the query. The story begins with the coming of Wilton Gregory to the little Long Island village of Pinewoods. The events that succeed one another in rapid succession at his home, the Grange, awaken the village from its fifty years of lethargy, perplex the local police, occasion a deal of trouble to Dr. James Stanley, general medical practitioner in the vicinity, and start a charming romance. The author, Eugene Jones, has filled his story with interesting details without burdening his narrative. Byron Hughes, his hero, proves that his reputation both as an amateur detective and as a clever journalist is not unmerited.

There is the suggestion in the title of "The Secret Brotherhood" (Dial Press. \$2.00) of a well-worn mystery plot. Nevertheless, John G. Brandon, through the deft arrangement of his materials, has given a new turn to an old story. The introduction of the latest detective paraphenalia into the unraveling of the crimes with which Scotland Yard is dealing, will afford several pleasant surprises even to those familiar with the makeup of this type of literature. Though a bit involved, the plot is not difficult to follow, and the interrelation of its various episodes is plain, and leads to a fine climax. The characters are clearly differentiated, though one is kept guessing until the denouement whether Princess Vasiloff is a saint or a devil.

Pessimism is the bitter fruit gathered from Pio Baroja's "The Tree of Knowledge" (Knopf. \$3.00), which Aubrey F. G. Bell has translated from the Spanish. From gloomy depths and dark backgrounds emerge figures that have been tortured with the acid of discontent, meanness and selfishness. The lower life of Madrid, the debased conventions of society, the incompetence of the professional world, the petty jealousies and dishonesties that mark the conflict of life; such is the soil and the fruit of the tree. The world, alas, is lost and there is no new world of promise either within oneself or without.

Anglo-American relationship can always be made amusing and sometimes interesting, sometimes profitable. Strangely enough Sylvia Thompson treads this same ground in her account of an American Social Register girl in post-War England. "The Battle of the Horizons" (Little, Brown. \$2.50) is a tale of international marriage. A daughter of democracy is romantically interested in English aristocracy; there is a convenient British economist, whose father is a baronet, to carry her off to merry England. Disillusionment is soothed by a platonic friendship and followed by a liberation from "hothouse ideals." There are many sub-plots, a surplus of adjectives, a wide horizon which includes political and economic problems, but the characters are poorly equipped.

Those interested in the doings of pirates along our southern coasts two hundred years ago will find in "The Rogue's Moon" (Appleton. \$2.00) a tale of adventure in which historic truth and romance are harmoniously blended. Though Robert W. Chambers, in this effort, does not succeed in throwing about his narrative the coloring or atmosphere of Stevenson or Sabatini, the reader will enjoy a clear, clean story told in a straightforward manner. It is a good book for a winter fireside when the wind howls without.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

"The Promise of International Peace"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I wish to express my appreciation of your article entitled "The Promise of International Peace," in the issue of AMERICA for September 8, especially on account of its strong insistence upon the need of a religious sanction recognizing Divinely revealed and appointed human brotherhood.

Reviewing the history of all peace endeavors, including the League of Nations, the Hague Tribunal, the Council of Ambassadors, the World Court, etc., and the recently concluded multilateral peace treaty, it is evident that this very omission of supernatural sanction is most regrettable. As early as 1899, when the Hague Peace Tribunal was in the making, the late Pope Leo XIII expressed frank regret that he, the earthly Vicar of the Prince of Peace, was not consulted in those pacificatory negotiations.

Therefore, as affairs stand, it may matter little in the long run whether fifteen, forty-nine, or even more nations sign the pact above mentioned. There would be no superinduced protection against the ominously unabated upflaring of the "war of ideas and clash of creeds," political, economic, ethnologic, and religious, in Europe, with fatal potentiality for renewed world conflagration. The complex questions of rightful nationalization of Alsace-Lorraine, the "Silesian Corridor," Saar Valley, Vilna, alienated Magyar territories, South Tyrol, etc., with their manifold interrelated boundary disputes, cannot be summarily settled by diplomatic peace maneuvering and documentary formalism.

A more satisfactory readjustment of such international contentions, together with an infusion of the religious spirit to validate a genuine internationalism, can afford the only trustworthy basis for enduring stable peace. Without these safeguards, there may be "much sound and fury signifying nothing" in the international council chambers, with world-wide limitation of armaments frustrated, and naught ultimately remaining but a vast, costly, and menacing armistice.

Cincinnati.

WILL A. SHENLEY.

Mr. Hoover on Tolerance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I read with chagrin your editorial in the issue of AMERICA for September 15, in which you doubtless unwittingly ascribe to Mr. Hoover only one utterance—that in his acceptance address—on the issue of religious tolerance; for it is a fact that out of the four addresses made by Mr. Hoover, in two of them he has spoken of religious tolerance. Would you not let your readers know of this?

For in the *Herald Tribune* (and the *New York Times*) of August 20, on the first page of the *Herald Tribune* and in this first article headed by the caption, which, except for your omission, I should have imagined you knew about, "Hoover Acclaimed in New Mexico for Plea of Tolerance," is quoted the following language in the body of the article: "In keeping with the spirit of the day (Sunday) in Hoover's address was a plea for religious tolerance, a modern re-utterance of General Stephen W. Kearny's statement when Kearny first raised the American flag over the State" (N. M.), and the *New York Times*, a Democratic organ—on the first page of the same date, quotes Hoover verbatim as follows: "I like to remember in these days the occasion of the raising of the American flag in this State (N. M.) by General Stephen W. Kearny when he made the statement, true today as it was then: 'We come as friends to make this a part of representative government. In our Government every man has a right to serve God according to his conscience and heart.'"

New York.

MORRIS O. HUNGERFORD.

Creating the Reading Habit

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Three years ago an advertising man gave to publishers some "random thoughts" on selling books. As far as the writer knows those suggestions have gone unheeded, although at the time they seemed unusually discerning and, indeed, seem so still. Mr. Kennedy might find them useful and so I recommend to him pp. 248-57 in "Making Advertisements and Making Them Pay" (Scribners, 1925), by Roy S. Durstine.

In case the book is not readily available, the central thought of the discussion in question can be gotten from the following excerpt: "The opportunity of the book publishers lies in selling reading, not books, to the people. As a nation we have lost the art of reading." Mr. Durstine cited a leading book seller as authority for the statement that in the whole country there are only 200,000 book buyers; less than one-fifth of one per cent of our population has the "reading habit."

As for Catholics and Catholic books, the proportion probably is little different. Certainly Catholics do not have the reading-Catholic-books habit. Why not educate them to it?

This is the publishers' work. Schools, societies, and sermons can be depended on to a degree for help, but publishers no doubt will find that the main activity must be theirs. But if it sells their books, why not?

An advertising campaign to sell Catholic reading matter in general, then, would be the first step. Let mention of particular books come later or be incidental to the reading-habit idea.

Such a campaign would seem to have only one obstacle—prohibitive cost. But need the cost be prohibitive? . . . The expense could, as it should, be divided among the many Catholic publishing houses.

Cooperative efforts of this sort are much in style among advertisers to-day. Catholic publishers, in such a move, surely would be up to the minute and, not unlikely, in on the profits.

Chicago.

W. E. R.

Why Don't They Read?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It seems to me that to all interested in the subject of "why Catholic books are not more generally read" there is but one simple, self-evident answer. It is summed up for us in the old saying: "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink."

As to "what can be done to overcome it" the remedy, too, is very simple. Just place every Catholic book that has ever been written or published and each and every book as it is written and published in the future on the Index; then give that fact the widest kind of publicity. If the publishers can supply the demand after that I don't know a thing about human nature. Adam and Eve set the pace and we are all still following in their footsteps. The moment you forbid Catholic books, you won't be able to stop us from reading them. Try it and watch the results. I am certain it will be most gratifying.

Personally I can't see why AMERICA wastes time, thought, space and printer's ink on so futile a topic, for the very people you are trying to reach don't read anyway and those interested in reading Catholic books, papers and magazines do read without all this waste of energy.

Milwaukee.

CYNIC.

The Catholic Unity League

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The whispering campaign against the Catholic Church during the past few months has had one good effect. It has caused many an earnest inquirer to study the Church's Divine claims, and has aroused the zeal of many a lukewarm Catholic. The Catholic Unity League, of 615 West 147th Street, New York City, is in touch with nearly 15,000 souls in 500 cities of the United States and Canada, and never in its history for the past eleven years have so many letters of inquiry been sent in, or so many calls for books been registered. Last week 335 books were sent out, and over 500 pamphlets to seventy-five different cities.

The League has a loan library of over 10,000 books and pamphlets, at the disposal of non-Catholics gratis, and at the service of Catholics at the cost of one dollar a year, plus fifteen cents for our catalogue of 5,300 books. Life membership is \$100.00. Two books may be received every two weeks, a fine of three cents a day being imposed for overtime. We have distributed gratis since 1917 160,000 books and 550,000 pamphlets, an apostolate which by the grace of God has netted 1,580 converts!

It may please you to know that the two letters of Miss Jamme, of Summit, N. J., and S. M. F., of Westerly, R. I., which appeared in AMERICA last June and July, brought us 102 letters of inquiry from Catholics and non-Catholics in sixty cities of twenty-six of our States—a proof that AMERICA is widely appreciated, and that the people's hunger for Catholic literature is a fact. The League's work is absolutely without overhead.

New York.

BERTHARD L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

Our Schools and the Stragglers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On Sunday, September 16, Archbishop John T. McNicholas gave at Cincinnati a forceful address on Catholic education. His speech, published in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of September 17, should interest all those who have at heart the ideals of AMERICA. Among other fine things, the prelate said:

The Catholic body in the State of Ohio is educating in its elementary and high schools more than 130,000 pupils. This means an annual saving to the taxpayers of Ohio of more than \$10,000,000 for maintenance alone. To this should be added the cost of school buildings for 130,000 pupils, which would place upon the taxpayers a burden of a hundred million dollars!

Now, statistics talk philosophy. The figures presented by his Grace show the value Catholics set upon their principles, their philosophic and religious outlook; for you may fairly measure a man's earnestness by his willingness to raid his pocketbook. Yet the figures testify to the firm Catholic life of but one of our States. Thank God that Catholic families not only love to have children, but love to raise them as Catholics should be raised—up on the heights of spiritual power and virtuous loyalty to the Church.

One more important achievement awaits the laity's further influence. It is this. Those who have generously built and supported Catholic schools must induce all Catholics with whom they come in contact to have their children attend these schools. Until that is done, the Catholic investment in education is not paying full dividends. Every Catholic can readily be an apostle in this respect, for hardly one of us has not some Catholic acquaintances whose children are not educated among us. Zeal such as this will fill any one who vividly appreciates the aspiration of Catholic education; in the Archbishop's words, "It is so to train our children that they will acquire the habit of having a supernatural motive for every thought and word and action of their lives." This is the treasure hidden in the field of God for which American Catholics have sacrificed so much.

St. Louis.

BERNARD J. WUELLNER, S.J.

Father Caussin and "La Cour Sainte."

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Possibly you may be interested in the following item.

In the Catholic Encyclopedia, (V. 3, p. 467), re Caussin, Nicolas, S.J., author of "La Cour Sainte," the statement appears: "The English translation was printed in Dublin in 1815."

Our library possesses a copy of an English translation, "The Holy Court in Five Tomes," etc., 1663, published in London by John Williams. This is a third edition, and is translated by "S. T. H. and others."

We thought this might be an oversight of Father Cassidy's research, for it proves that your French confrère was known to English readers nearly two centuries earlier.

Emmitsburg, Md.

SISTER AGNES,
Librarian, St. Joseph's College.

